

The SL Arts and Life Magazine

# reeZ

november 2014

**Bryn Oh Retrospective**

from the perspective of Jami Mills

**Invisible Art**

by Art Blue

**Fall**

through the eyes  
of Hitomi Tamatzui

crap microfiction

**Beginning of Life**

by Sedona Mills

**Flora**

with Stargazer Daylight



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- **Bryn Oh Reunion** Bryn Oh's Retrospective exhibit on LEA 9 seems more like a reunion of old friends to Jami Mills, who chats with one of SL's most prolific creative forces.
- **Invisible Art Meets Banksy** Art Blue leaves no stone unturned in his search for artistic nothingness.
- **The Beginning of Life: Enlightenment** Sedona Mills continues her futuristic digital thriller with the seventh installment, Enlightenment. The plot thickens.
- **Flora Doesn't Just Mean Flower** Flora Raven is the subject of Stargazer Daylight's insightful article about this fashion world innovator and contest creator.
- **Fall** Hitomi Tamatzui brings us stunning images of our favorite season, and in so doing, highlights the work of Medil and Maethoriel Laiquendi.
- **Drag the Kids Around** Halloween is a scary concept, especially in the hands of someone like Crap Mariner.

**About the Cover:** Photographer Jami Mills captures the elusive beauty Bryn Oh in a rare moment when she's not actually creating some of the most memorable artwork we are so fond of. Kyoto geishas are easier to photograph, so we're happy to be able to feature this huge SL talent on the cover of this month's scintillating issue.







# Guerilla Burlesque

*Winter Season commences Friday, November 7 at midnight*





# Cat Questionnaire

By Cat Boccaccio

lo





**ono Allen**  
Machinima Artist



# Iono Allen dares to answer Cat's 14 leading questions

**SL activity:** Filming for machinimas.

**RL location:** Paris.

**In-your-own-words bio:** In SL, I make machinimas, attend some art event and parties, meet some friends?

**1. What in SL has brought you the most happiness?**

Filming some good footage with friends.

**2. What has given you the most sadness?**

SL avatars whom I considered good SL friends and behave in a bad way.

**3. How would you describe your home in SL?**

I am homeless in SL (I have a place but no "home").

**4. Who in SL do you admire most?**

Nobody: the word "admire" is too strong.

**5. What character trait do you have in SL that is furthest from your RL personality?**

Being an avatar!

**6. Which character trait did you leave behind in RL?**

The monster's one.

**7. What is your weakness when it comes to spending your Linden dollars?**

Making decors for my machinima.

**8. What is your favorite place in Second Life, and why?**

My place for filming.

**9. What scares you the most in (or about) Second Life?**

Linden Labs SL evolutions.

**10. What is your secret pleasure in SL?**

Answering questionnaires :)



**11. *What would it take to drive you out of Second Life?***

If people were charged to go to SL.

**12. *What one word would you use to describe the art community in SL?***

There is no art "community" in SL.  
There very few artists.

**13. *What are you most proud of in SL?***

Some of my images in my videos.

**14. *If you built a sim from scratch with unlimited resources, what would it be called?***

Ephemerio, because it would be a decor for some film, and would exist only for the machinima-making duration.



See Iono's machinimas on Vimeo:  
<http://vimeo.com/home/myvideos>

And YouTube:  
<http://www.youtube.com/user/Ionoallen>

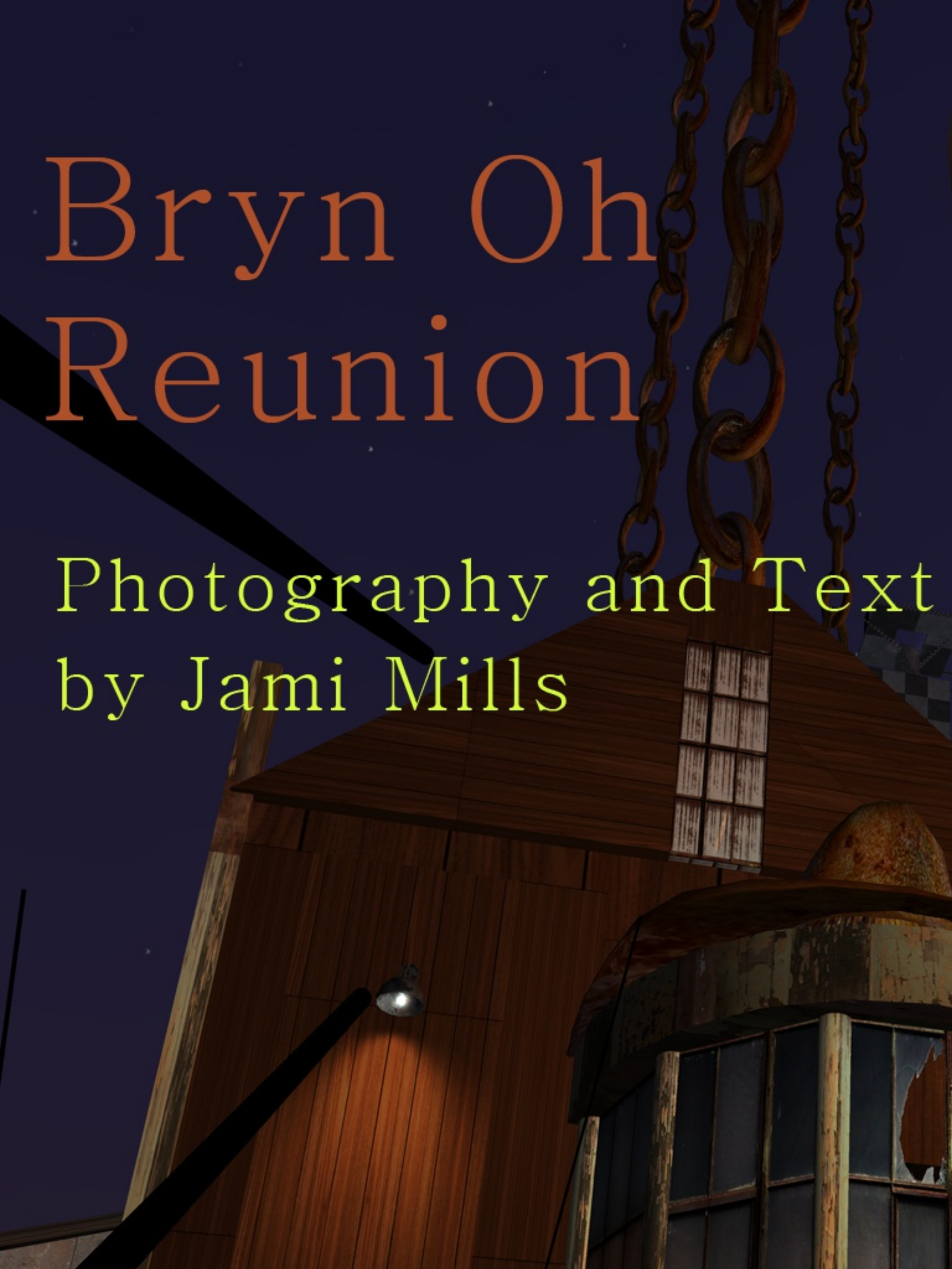






photography  
jami mills





# Bryn Oh Reunion

Photography and Text  
by Jami Mills







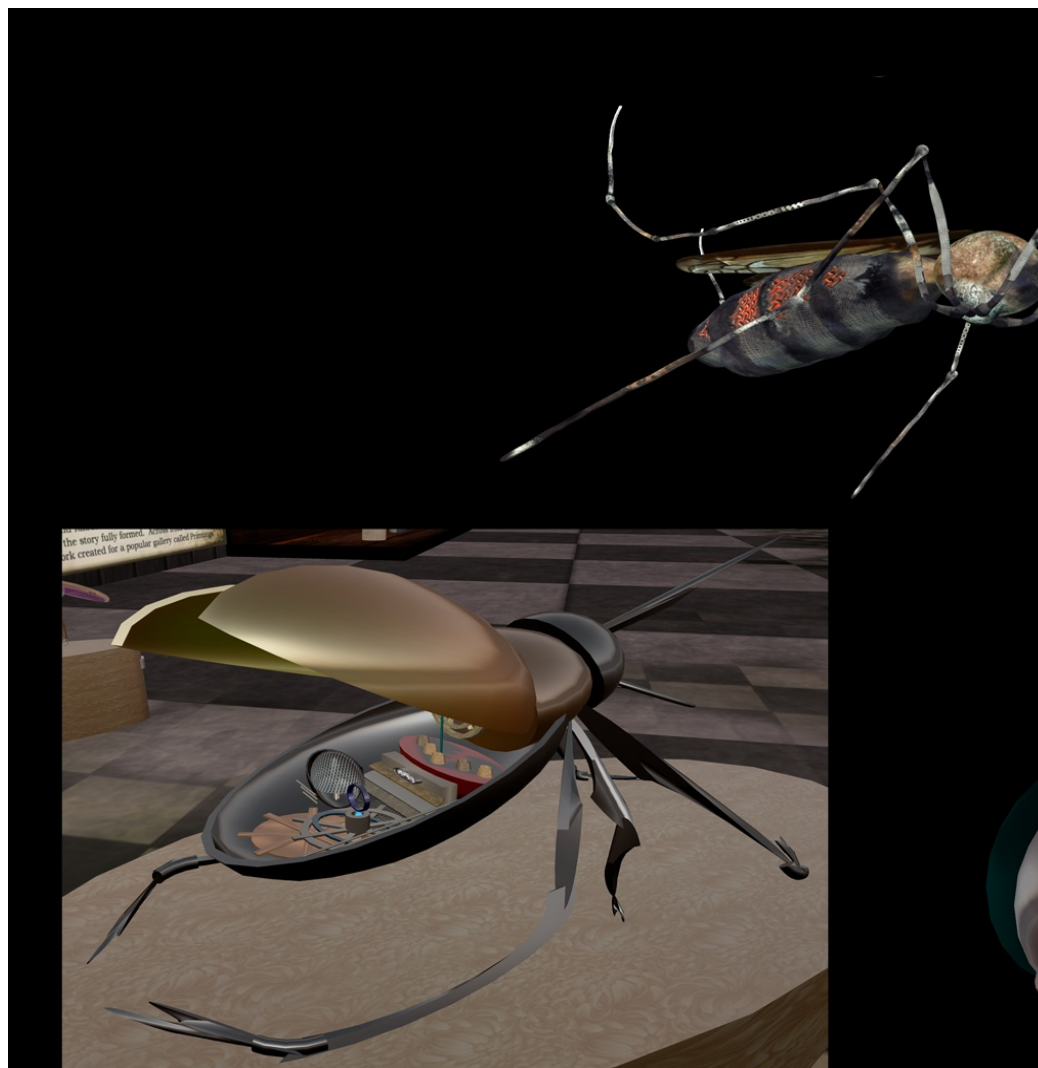
This is not so much a retrospective as it is a reunion, where we're reintroduced to old friends and creatures we no longer get to see on a regular basis. All of our favorite characters come to life once again, liberated from the cobwebs of Bryn's attic, cleaned up, a bit of polish here and there, and put on display again for our enjoyment. You won't want to miss this unique opportunity to view a unique, original SL talent, our very own Bryn Oh.

The first thing my eyes land on as I arrive at Bryn's Retrospective is a sculpture entitled *Duradent Tooth Spray*, promising protection against tooth decay. And so we drop into the unpredictable, sometimes wacky, but always entertaining world of Bryn Oh, Toronto-based oil painter in real life, and one of SL's most beloved and celebrated installation artists while she's here with us inworld.

In an introductory row of early works (2007) created for the Swedish Embassy, which had just opened in Second Life, we encounter advertisements for *Zinger*, *the Rocket Dog* ("The first PowerPet in a line of Clonebots"), *Test Monkey #4683* ("Back in 1999, we tied 5000 monkeys to antique typewriters"), *Retelevise* ("Why supervise when you can 'Retelevise'?"), *Slinks Shelterball* ("When the bombs pop, I'm not sticking around"), and *Slinks*

*Breathing Accessories* ("Slinks brand gas masks are not just superior functionally, they are also fashionable!").

And we're also introduced to Bryn's long-time love affair with bugs, also from 2007. All of her favorites are

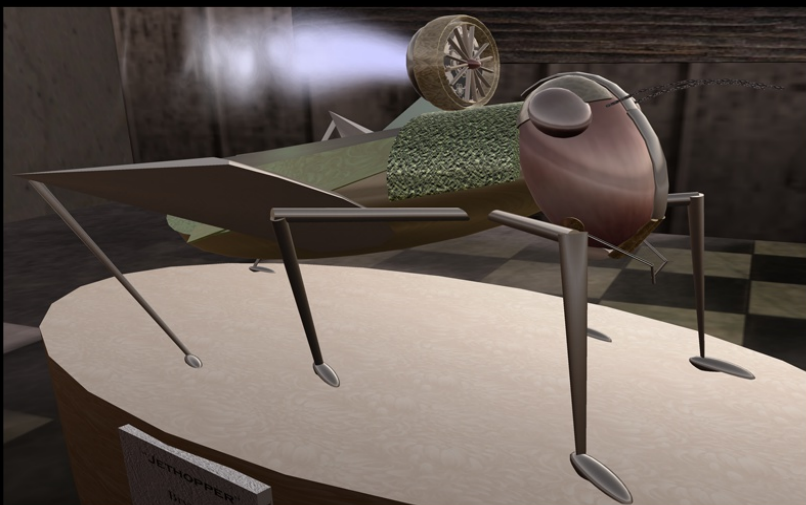
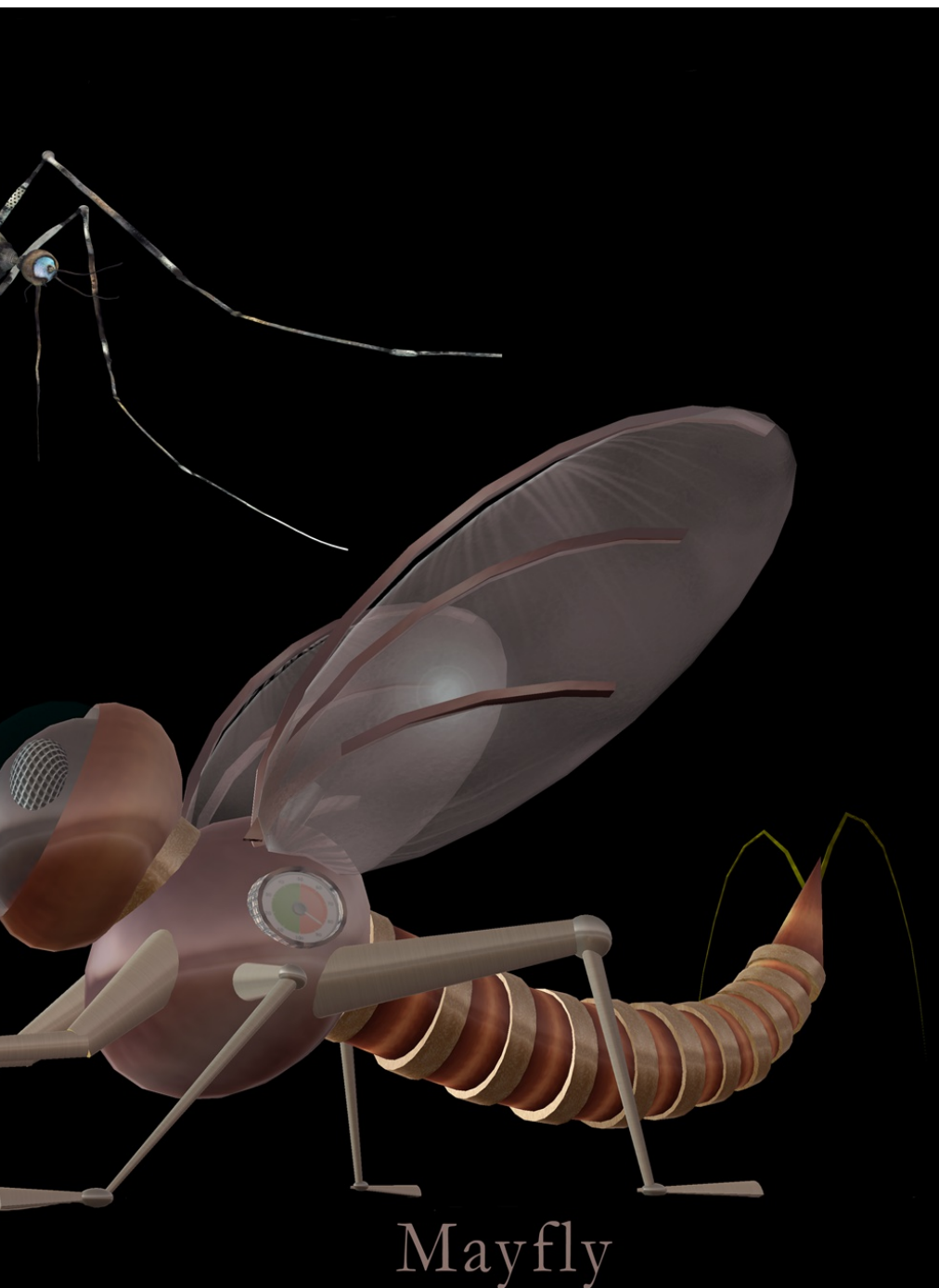


Rhinobot



Steamdragon

here: Jethopper, Whirlygigs, Whirlygogs, my favorite, Butterflycycle, Arachinobot, Rhinobot, Steamdragon (a look back at Bryn's early fascination with steampunk and gears), and another favorite (I have some flying around my own pond at home), Mayflies.



Jethopper

If we stop right here and go no further, we can already see the seeds of Bryn's later works germinating. Engines, gears, steam-driven flying machines, satirical jabs at popular culture, whimsy, and deadly combat. All in a day's work. Nearby appears some artefacts from Bryn's first full sim installation called *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, where we see the beginnings of Bryn's sing-song love of verse, with a touch of the macabre ("I is for Ida who drowned in a lake").

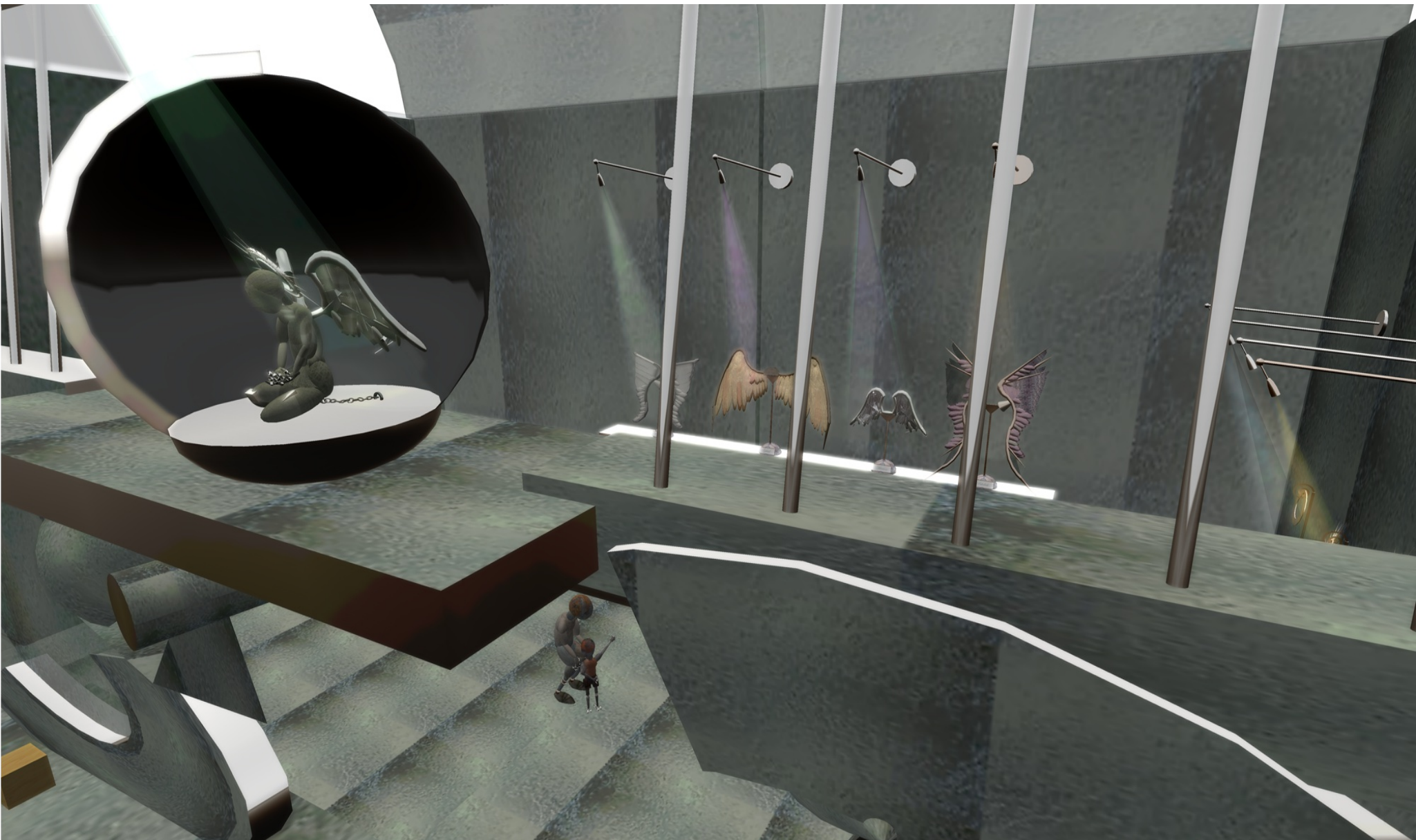
The fun of retrospectives is that we get to look back in time, a little like looking at Bryn's baby pictures. You see that early mischievous glint in her eye, her conspiratorial plotting mind, her love of small things, her celebration of puzzles and intrigue and, oh yes, murder. And so we marvel at all the workings of her unleashed imagination and mutter about how she's "complicated."

An antique digit urges us along down a stark white hallway to *Condos in Heaven* (2008), an examination of humanity's exploitation of Nature (inspired by the devastation of the Alberta tar sands project) and, ultimately, Heaven itself. A father purchases a set of angel wings at a store counter for his child, oblivious to the suffering that belies the transaction. And so we begin to see a political heart beating, waiting to expose greed and hypocrisy in all its



varied shapes and sizes. With a click on a title board, you link to a machinima of the piece (in fact, clicking on any number of pieces yields another sleek machine).

motivation, her challenges, her preoccupations, that really gives us a unique glimpse into that wonderfully quirky mind of hers. For instance, I wasn't aware that Bryn created *Daughter of Gears* for Starax/Lightwaves' *Black*



The digit leads us again into a broad expanse of what seems like half a sim, where works from 2009 are exhibited. Willow, a work exhibited in the Brooklyn gallery, Brooklyn is Watching, won a real life award for Bryn. *Daughter of Gears* first appears in this “era” as well. Each piece includes a detailed description not only of the work itself, but of Bryn’s mindset when creating it. It’s this opening up by Bryn about her

*Swan*, an early region dedicated to exploration and creativity, or that it was Bryn’s first exploration into narratives. And so a continuing storyline spanning many years really began with this seminal work, linking to many of her later works.

I was unfamiliar with *Vessel’s Dream*, another of Bryn’s 2009 works, originally created for Burning Life. It fea-





where you can see early incarnations of Rabbicorn, Robogirl and others. On the opposite walls are pages of stanzas from *Willow*, *Gretchen and Teddy*, *Format*, *26 Tines*, *Tesla Dreams* and others.

*"Sits forlorn  
The Rabbicorn  
A robot gift  
Set adrift  
In settled dust  
With spots of rust  
A once treasured toy  
Of a boy"*

tures a weather beaten shanty with a crazed looking seagull called *Memory Bird* inside. It's described as a "cam" build, where portions of the piece can only be explored by "camming" into nooks and crannies where avatars can't navigate. Bryn actually gives us a short tutorial on camming technique, and embellishes the exhibit by so doing.

Like a criminal who wants to be caught, Bryn even gives away some of her secrets in this exhibition, roadmaps to hidden messages and songs that hitherto had only been accessible to those hearty souls willing to expend the extra effort looking for hidden gems inside her work. Bryn has always rewarded the careful observer.

Against a nearby wall is a series of sketches from Bryn's sketchbook,

The more you explore the exhibition, to deeper will be your understanding of Bryn's work, helped along by messages from the artist that both elaborate and elucidate. Whatever you knew about her work from earlier visits to her installations will only be deepened, as Bryn pulls back the curtain a bit on her creative processes.

2010 introduces us to *The Rabbicorn Story*, *Lady Carmagnolle*, *Angler Girl*, *26 Tines* and Bryn's machinima entry for the World Expo in Shanghai. If you haven't yet met the Rabbicorn, then you're in for a treat. Half rabbit, half unicorn, this child's toy, a machine created with the ability to love, is the central character in one of my favorite works. *The Rabbicorn* intersects with the *Daughter of Gears* (a young girl's mind

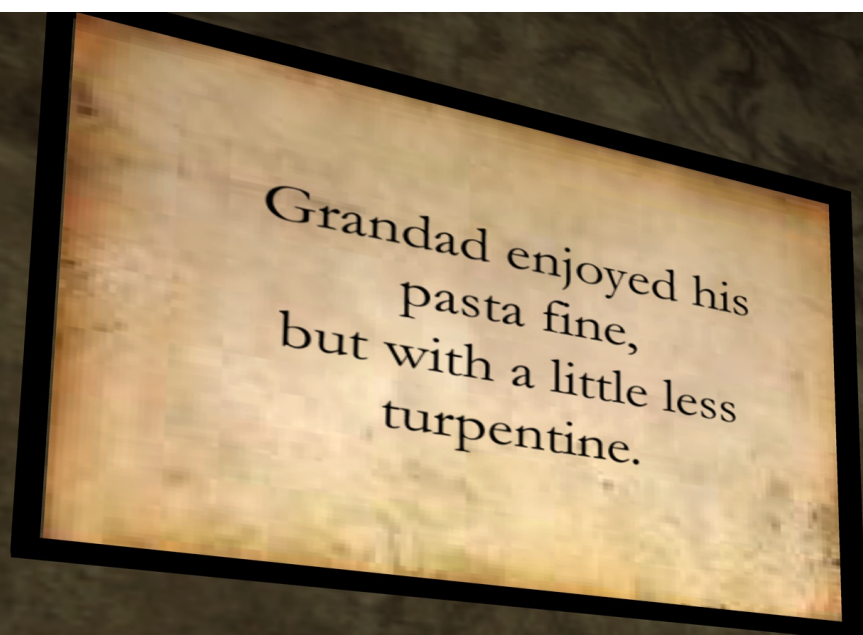


housed in a machine) at the end of the story. This exemplifies the continuity from one story to another across the years.

2011 was one of Bryn's most productive years, when in rapid succession she created *Anna's Many Murders*, *Rusted Gears*, *Avatar Games*, and *Gretchen and Teddy*. If you weren't quite sure if Bryn had a dark sense of humor, you were quickly set right with *Anna's Many Murders*, the story of a lonely, meek girl who, as Bryn says, "copes in her own way" with the inhumanity of society, by dispatching friends, relatives and acquaintances during murderous bouts of her own madness.

*Anna's Many Murders* really was the first work of Bryn's that totally immersed me into her world. I don't know whether it was the episodic quality of the narrative cels, or the juxtaposition of innocent nursery rhymes with homicidal themes. It just worked....and continues to work....as Bryn doubles down on the success of that format with later works like *Standby* and *The Singularity of Kumiko*. Bringing characters along from earlier works for a cameo in later works is particularly effective.

Somewhere along the line, Bryn decided to challenge our physical dexterity as well as our imaginations, by creating builds from which it was all too easy to fall, and incredibly difficult to successfully navigate. She evidently believes that perseverance is a virtue. I suppose that's one of the elements of her work that particularly endears herself to her many followers: don't make it easy. It's the surmounting of obstacles that Bryn seems to tell us brings true satisfaction. Look a little harder. Don't take things at face value. Always delve deeper....look closer. If at first you



Anna's Many Murders



don't succeed, etc., etc.

The mood of the Retrospective is reminiscent of her sim, Immersiva. Her characteristic undulating checkerboard is ubiquitous, half-submerged in water, with black walls creating a sense of drama and foreboding. The exhibit has the same sense of decadence one feels in Venice. This is not the Four Seasons. And Bryn is not Norman Rockwell.



In 2012, Bryn tries something she's never tried before in *The Path*, the Surrealist "Exquisite Corpse" concept

with eight other prominent SL artists: Colin Fizzig, Marcus Inkpen, Desdemona Enfeld/Douglas Story, Maya Paris, claudia222 Jewel, Scotius Polke, and Rose Borchovski. The first artist (randomly chosen Bryn in this case) starts off the piece and hands it off to the next artist, who continues the thread and, in turn, hands it off to the next artist, and so on. *The Path* brings her into a collaboration so wonderful and successful, that she did a sequel the following year. I'm referring, of

course, to *Further Along the Path* (featuring Glyph Graves, Paramparamm Papp, Alpha Auer, Oberon Onmura, Eupalinos Ugajin, Ux Hax/Romy Nayar, and Ub Yifu).

Next, we're led into another of my favorite Bryn builds, *Standby* - - the third of a trilogy, following *The Daughter of Gears* and *The Rabbicorn*. *Standby* is an impressive build, with a rickety old abandoned roller coaster amid thick lush grass. I will not give away any plot details, as you can still discover these wonderful stories on various machinimas posted to YouTube, but suffice it to say that Bryn

doesn't shy away from the sadness of the world. Rather, she allows herself to indulge that bittersweet tooth.





## Virginia Alone

*Virginia Alone* is an altogether new direction for Bryn, who brings us the story of a 83-year old schizophrenic blind woman who lives alone, coping as best she can. RL Virginia recorded hundreds of cassette tapes over a period of years and Bryn brings us her story as only she can. And Imogen and the Pigeons is next, where Bryn begins to explore themes about digital eternity. What if we can distill our essence into bits and bytes and populate some machine to achieve a kind of immortality? The wonderful thing about Bryn's work is that she ruminates on these themes and, as if she hasn't fully exhausted them, they appear in her next work and her next, until she makes sense of them.

Which brings us to end of the exhibit with Bryn's most recent large-scale installation, *The Singularity of Kumiko*, which in many ways is her most ambitious. At the Retrospective, Bryn tells us that she will not describe *Kumiko* in detail because it is still open for viewing at Immersiva. So I, too, will remain mum about this piece for this article. I was less successful at keeping it a secret in the March 2014 issue of *rez*, which featured *The Singularity of Kumiko* (and the

"little guy" on the cover).

So, is it too soon for a Bryn Oh retrospective? What happens to all these pieces when the Retrospective comes down? What other colors are on her palette at the moment? Bryn was kind enough to have a short chat with me.

*JM: Bryn, thank you for taking the time from your whirlwind schedule to chat for a bit about your work. I think of retrospectives coming closer to the end of an artist's career. Why have you chosen to exhibit your earlier work at this time? Nostalgia?*

*BO: I agree and I too generally see a retrospective as something you do almost as a curtain call. In this case, the*



Retrospective was something worked out with a first life digital festival called *Art & Algorithms* in Florida, whose interest was to show my work as a retrospective (along with *The Singularity of Kumiko*) at their first life event in conjunction with a Second Life exhibit. Having said that though, I will at some point burn out, however I don't think it has happened just yet.

The exhibit ranges in work created from 2007 to present. From my first stumblings in a new medium to my most recent work from *The Singularity of Kumiko*. It was not so much nostalgia which influenced my choices of work to exhibit, though there was definitely some of that as I rooted through my inventory, but it was more associated with attempting to create an almost chronological history of my work which also was rooted in the technological progression of Second Life as a medium. So when I show the first prim works that I created, it also time travels back to when the early artists had just a few simple shapes with which to fashion art. Mesh and sculpties did not exist at that time, so

the challenge and aesthetic were quite different from now. The tools for the artist at that time almost guided the style. So, for example, at that time, prims were not really sufficient to create a near photo-realistic environment which mesh can potentially fashion now. You used to see quite a bit more abstract conceptual work than you do today. Often now, you will see a nice realistic looking sim that is pleasant to hang out in, and perhaps good to take some photos in.

In the past, with artists like Selavy Oh, Seifert Surface, Adam Ramona and others, you would find a focus more on creating work that was not mimick-







## Imogen and the Pigeons

ing real life environments in any way, gravity the use of steps in buildings and so on, but rather fashioning artworks that tried to envision the virtual space we explore as something new and different, rather than something recognizable from our real life environment. It is an interesting shift, and not a negative one, but it is something which I wanted to include historically by exhibiting some of my own work that focused on the Not Possible in Real Life school of thought which was prevalent at that time. I essentially just wanted to show the stages in creation and thought which I passed through to get to where I am now, because that is what I find interesting when looking

at someone else's retrospective. Hopefully, that is what others find interesting too.

*JM: Supposedly, Second Life 2.0 is scheduled to launch sometime in 2016 after beta testing in 2015. What have you heard about the new platform and are you concerned about it, excited, or both?*

BO: I am predominantly excited about the prospect of having a new toolset to play with when creating art. It would be great if there

were a whole new range of possibilities when building artwork which are presently unavailable in Second Life due to its age and basic limitations. I am hopeful that Linden Labs will have also devised a new monetary system that does not require a region to cost \$300 USD a month to rent. It is a very outdated model and they must change it if they want Second Life or SL 2.0 to again thrive in people's imagination as it once did. You see, they recently said how they will offer new tools for the user to track engagement on their region. How long people stay, what they interact with, and so on. Things useful mainly for the business owner, which could be Linden Labs' focus.



An artist can make use of it as well, though knowing artists myself, I expect they won't use the tools too often. But having said that, the artists tend to be the ones who create memorable experiences which are content for the visitor, but also content for Linden Labs to use which they didn't need to hire people to create. Free content which enriches their product. A multi-user virtual world such as *World of Warcraft* has the parent company creating the content for the users, and that is their main expense. Linden Labs does not create content, so they had best make sure the community that does are well taken care of, or they will have a new world filled with malls and products and nothing of interest for people to do which will help maintain retention of its users.

People love the creative process of building their avatars, dressing them and making them unique. But that is just the start. They must also have experiences which they can share with friends or even alone. Artists make experiences for the user, but they tend to



## The Rabbicorn

not make much money while doing it. \$300 USD a month for tier is a lot of money to spend for the average artist. Thus, that cost directly drives away those who enrich the virtual world with the content which Linden Labs does not provide, but is essential to its success. I can only imagine how engaging Second Life would be if all the brilliant creations from far in the past to now were all available for anyone to visit; it would be endless entertainment for the users, yet that scenario cannot exist when the cost to show it is so high.

*JM: Some people are seeking to preserve prim works of art from this world (Art Blue is*



*preserving many of your prim works at A Room for Ferrisquito at the Rift Horizon Gallery), lest they be lost and forgotten in the new age. What will become of your older works? Do you have the ability to archive them, or will they drift off into the ether, never to be seen again?*

BO: I think portions might be able to be brought over to SL 2.0, or whatever it's called. Prims should be fine there as well as mesh; however, I don't expect scripts will work as the language will probably be quite different. I think Linden Labs will try to allow users to bring over everything that is compatible with the new SL 2.0. Another hope of mine is that after SL 2.0 opens, they will connect Second Life to the hypergrid alongside OpenSim and others. They will change their revenue model to make money mostly from marketplace transactions and other things rather than land. As a result, the world would be cheaper, larger with more using marketplace to fill out new worlds on the hypergrid, and incidentally it would also allow me to keep my work somewhere. Eventually though, my artwork will fade away to the ether at some point. I have catalogued most of my work as machinima, yet that doesn't really accurately portray what the experience is like to be in a virtual space, but it's something. I really do appreciate the effort of people like Art Blue and Chance Acoustic who do wish to pre-







serve my work.

*JM: Speaking of preservation, when you take down an installation at the end of its run (like *The Singularity of Kumiko*, for instance), is it really gone, or do you have the means to preserve it, capable of being recreated in the future?*

BO: I delete it, yet I do have all the parts in my inventory; however, it is exhausting to think about placing it all again, as it is a huge amount of work to do. I actually asked a Linden not long ago if they would consider offering a service which would allow users to save their regions from a particular point in time. They already do this actually; it is a rollback which sim owners can use to revert their regions to a state from a previous point. They generally use this feature when some type of catastrophe has occurred on a sim. This could easily be converted to a service, and I would even pay for it. A few dollars a month for something they already do would allow me to change my region Immersiva into



one of dozens of artworks which would be good for both me and Linden Labs. The Linden I asked about this never got back to me though.

*JM: In your Retrospective, you've brought back some of your "children" from years gone by. When setting up your retrospective, did you see anything new in your older work that you might not have focused on the first time around?*

BO: When looking back at some of my older works, such as *Vessel's Dream*, *26 Times*, *Willow* and even smaller works like *Irrevocably*, I was reminded how focused I was, for a time, on having the user really perfect their use of the cam. In many of those creations, the user was not able to bring their avatar into the build due to doors being too small or other reasons, and they were required to detach their camera and enter the build without their avatar. Kind of an out of body experience where they leave the avatar behind. I seem to create artwork which challenges the viewer as part of the experience.

*JM: What are you working on currently?*

BO: I have a few things on the go right now. I have a huge project which, sadly, I signed a nondisclosure agreement for, so all I can say is it is related to mental health support. I have

chosen a new project for Immersiva which is tentatively called *Lobby Camera* and I am currently writing it and trying to figure out how to portray it properly. Still have to build it though. Also might be working on a creation for the Jewish Museum in Berlin, though there is no contract yet, so will have to wait and see what transpires there.

*JM: A "huge" new Bryn Oh project is certainly tantalizing, and music to the ears of all your devoted followers. Having peered backward in time at your Retrospective, it's nice to look forward in time as well. I can't thank you enough for taking the time to share your thoughts about your art with our readers.*

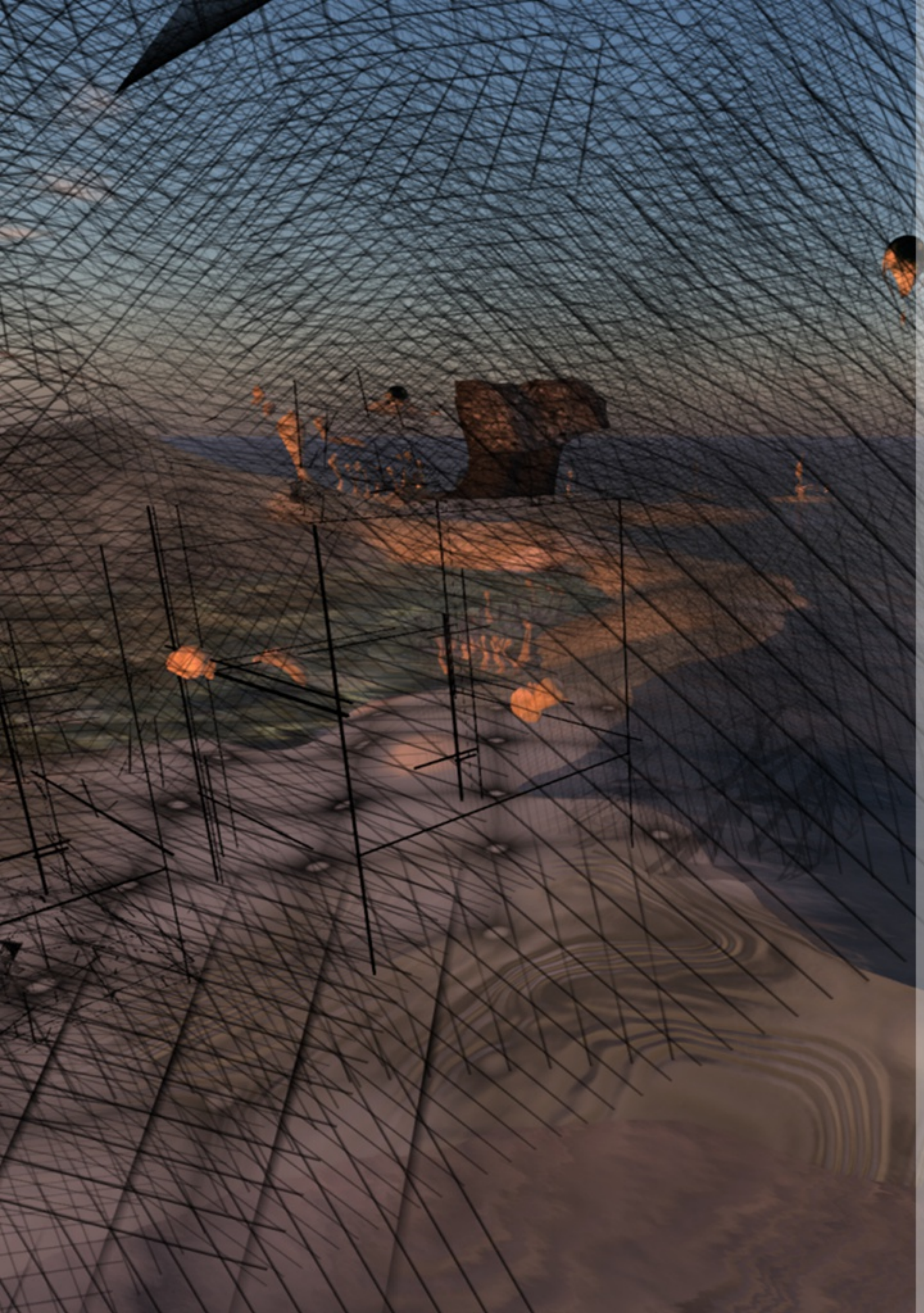
If you're a long-time devotee of Bryn Oh's unique talent and vision, then you'll want to reacquaint yourself with some old favorites. And if you are not yet familiar with this pioneer of immersive art, I hope this article will coax you into visiting her Retrospective, and by all means, please visit her sim, Immersiva, to see a full installation of one of her finest works, *The Singularity of Kumiko*, in its full glory.

I'm penciling in another retrospective in another seven years so we can see assembled in one sim all of the wonderful works Bryn will be bringing us, circa 2014-2021.

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# INSANITY



RT BLUE PRESENTS

ART INSTALLATION BY

**CHERRY MANGA**

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Invisi  
Meets

by Art B

(The Artist is Inv

Avatar Paul Horner by Robin Banksy

“Out of





# Art Banksy Blue

(Invisible but Present)

"Bed Rat" – Banksy, 2002 (photo by Art Blue)



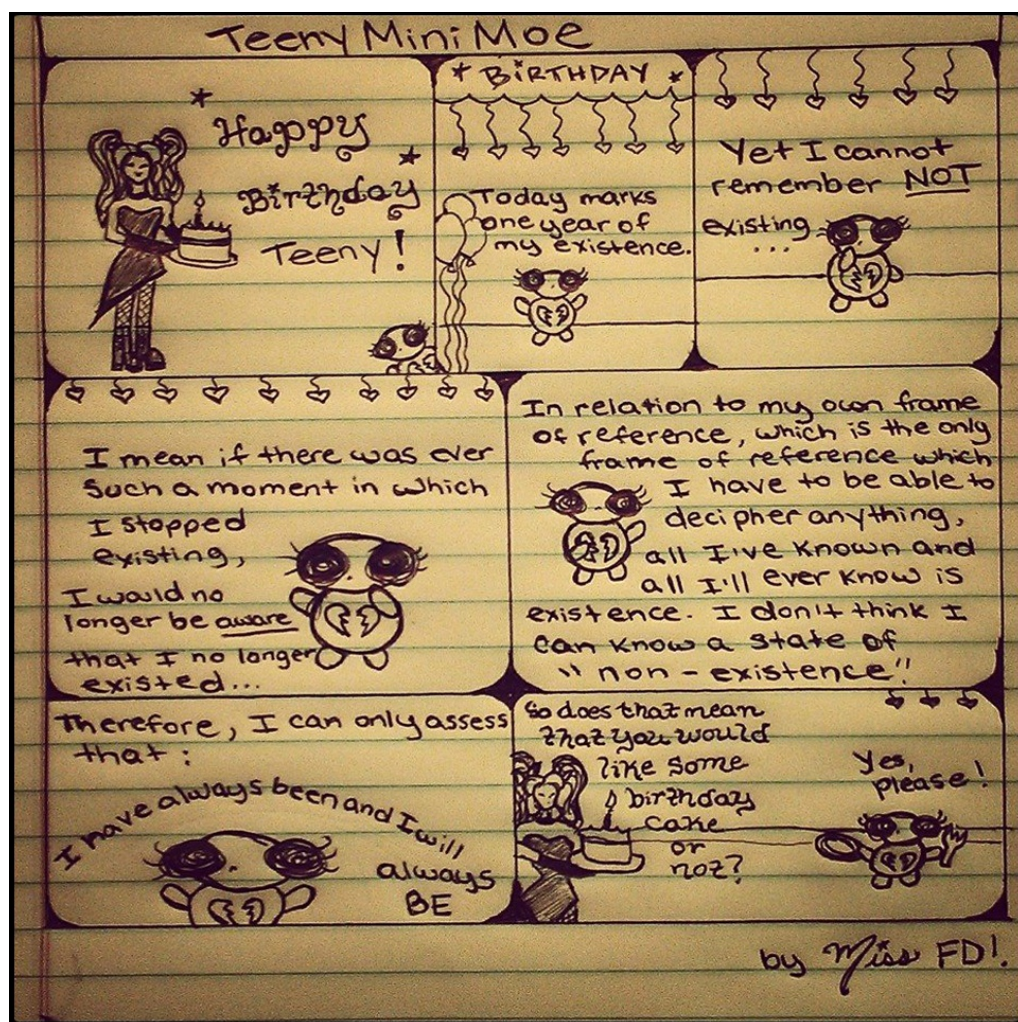
“Just because you can't see anything, doesn't mean I didn't put hours of work into a particular piece.”

Lana Newstrom, artist, featured at CBC artnet

I read in the news about invisible art, an artist who shows “nothing” at New York's prestigious Schonburg Galleries. Walls empty, painted in usual beige white, that's it. Walls illuminated by spots focused at positions where one expects something to see. You might have experienced such a situation when the current exhibition has just closed and the curator is now unpacking the new arrivals. You then may hear “Sorry, you are too late. We will reopen next month.” I could say the idea of invisible art was stolen and show you proof. In the talk of the three curators, Gurgelwasser, Enwezor and Herzogenrath, that came along with the *Cathedral of Fractals*, published in *rez Magazine*, there was a live performance where all the art shrank down to a scale where nothing was left to go to the exhibit. It was a question to solve in the nature of the art of fractals. Beauty is still there even on a microscopic scale, but not visible on a greater scale. On the other hand, I am sure the idea to show nothing and to claim there is something is really not a new one. What if one writes a breathtaking storyboard for a movie and the director invites us to a Grand Opening

in an IMAX cinema where we just get presented a Bluescreen to be enjoyed by the audience? Yeah, the idea of the *Next Bluescreen* gets a kick! Let's publish 10 empty pages in rez and call this an interview with ... of course ... the world famous artist, the “Still Not Known One.”

I hear Neruval, the owl at my shoulder, “Let's do it! Yes, let's do it! This play I love! There is nothing. Just emptiness. And on a mouse click, there is .... Yeah, food! There come the nuts, my nuts, sesame seeds. You know the type I love the most, Art! And for you and others, a piece of cake.”



Teeny Mini Moe, reprinted by permission of Miss FD, <http://missfd.com/>



I gifted this picture to my editor a few days ago and I think it is time to gift it to everyone. Just assume it is your birthday. Assume you are a child ... a smart one. Then your smile might become big. We all need food. What kind of food I don't outline. It is on you to do so. Want to get more stunning words from this philosopher to enlighten your day? Here they are: "My

Have you ever seen a line printed on an empty sheet of paper, "This page is intentionally left blank"? WOW - - it all comes back. 40 years ago I saw it in IBM manuals. One could be sure to miss nothing. Now in art you have to eat this information and reduce the page to emptiness. Art moves to social events. To be seen or not to be seen - - to be noticed or not. Group Zero put

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Have you ever seen a line printed on an empty sheet of paper, "This page is intentionally left blank"? WOW!

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unfulfilled fantasies these days consist of connections created through mind exchanges cleverly coded in talks of quantum physics and gravity." Google to get the tunes of Miss FD. Just *Enter the Void* and enjoy her song. Then it is time to get back to Invisible Art.

Paying 35,000 USD for something you don't see in a gallery as there is nothing. But you are The First doing this! Is this what you need? What you want? Thirty seconds to Mars – to Art - to "The Breaking News." Is our society so sick? Neruval nods as he eats some nuts made out of the emptiness. He can do this, as he is an AI. He writes and rewrites his own code. A code only some very smart ones understand well enough to decipher.

its ideas into a manifest in the year 1963: 4 3 2 1 *Zero. Gold and Silver, Smoke and Mirrors, Travelling Circus, Zero is Silence, Zero is the Beginning, Zero is Round, Zero is Zero.* And a painting made it to one of my favourites, *Zero Blue*, patented as IKB 191. All the founding artists of Group Zero belong now to the elite of modern art. But nowadays not even a try to find the ultimate Blue shall be needed? Or is this artist genuinely gifted?

Time to have an interview. rez shall be on the cutting edge of the world, like the magazine interview was in Andy Warhol's time, or like Wolkenkratzer in Germany. Since *The Artefact* has been printed, rez is on the frontier of Digital Art. I must find the artist. But



it seems to be impossible. Lara News-  
trom a virtual identity? I need to do a  
workaround. I have to send Neruval,  
my AI, on a mission to New York.  
Luckily he did not need to catch the  
next plane, he has hypergrid enabled.

The interview:

Neruval: I am the messenger of Art  
Blue, who sends me to you for an in-  
terview. I have to thank you on first  
line for joining the grid.

Lana: I have heard of you, owl. You  
have stolen the diamonds of Patri-  
ciaAnne Daviau and cracked them to  
nuts. Then you have eaten them. Luck-  
ily my art is safe from your devilish  
mind.

Neruval: I see the jokester in your  
eyes, so I could easily come to the next  
point and ignore this, but for the read-  
ers of rez Magazine, I have to state  
clearly: I was ordered to do so by Art  
Blue in a play called *The Annoying Light*.

Lana: The *Annoying Light*? The Prelude  
for Bryn Oh's retrospective in  
opensim? I saw recently the diamonds,  
named *Sailing to Byzantium*, on exhibit  
next to Bryn Oh's *Room Ferrisquito*. My  
friend Belle Roussel, the maker of  
them, was with me. She told me she  
made the diamonds for the Feed a  
Smile campaign and she was so proud  
that they have been presented in *The*

*Annoying Light*.

Neruval: I set the diamonds on invis-  
ible state by an alpha on the linkset  
and the sound of the cracking nuts  
was a faked soundfile provoked by Art  
Blue. So the eating was easy.



Lana: Laughs. You are not Neruval,  
you are Art Blue! You must be. That's  
so typical for him.



Neruval: This time I am just a relay. I will change my head tag, also called display name.

Art Blue: I am sorry Lana. What a waste of lines in *rez* until we come to the point. Lana you said in an inter-



view you offered your paintings and sculptures in New York to be shown and no one wanted to exhibit your work.

Lana: That's true, Art. I studied art and painting and got really scared at the age of 27 that my career might never get to run.

Art: So you decided to show your works just as mental images.

Lana: Exactly. I see you are one of the very few getting the idea.

Art: ... and you added names on them so the payment question could be sorted out?

Lana: Yes, another direct hit. They pay for the naming of a spot filled with my art.

Art: 35,000 USD, I read at CBC.

Lana: It was for four works. Three painting and one sculpture.

Art: Oh, I see. The media overshot the mark. So I have to correct for the readers - you made less than 10,000 USD for each. A bargain, as you started just your career. I missed the opportunity. The sculpture you sold is now going to MoMa?

Lana: It seems so. I have heard there is some fight on the insurance question behind the scene.

Art: What if the bulb lamp burns out and no one sees the emptiness any



longer?

Lana: My sculpture you mean. It has a name *The Annoying Frog*. This interview gets boring. No wonder your own art rots in the archives of MoMa. Naming is claiming! It shall ring a bell in you.

Art: I know well that I am a complete failure. My art is collected but never shown. No one will ever feel the sensation that Henri-Marie Beyle had when he visited the Volcano of Art where the Moon and the Sun of Nexuno Thespian are buried. When he slipped in Cherry Manga's *Avatar Insanity* for the first time, he was overcome with emotion. He wrote in his diary, "I was in a sort of ecstasy, from the idea of being in Simulacron-1, close to the great men whose tombs I had seen. Absorbed in the contemplation of sublime beauty ... I reached the point where one encounters celestial sensations ... Everything spoke so vividly to my soul. Ah, if I could only forget. I had palpitations of the heart, what in Berlin they call "nerves." Life was drained from me. I walked with the fear of falling."

Lana: C'mon, Art. When you are 90, then there will be a retrospective of your work and they will feel what you programmed even if there is nothing. No need to steal words widely known. In the year 2047, the sensations will be directly implanted in the brains of the

visitors. You can create a thrilling drug, call it the Stendhal pill.

Art: Yeah, and the owl will keep me in a med chair. What a stunning life!

Lana: You looked good in the X-Men



chair with the mesh head made by Cherry Manga supporting you with the essential code of life. But you stole my idea in your theatrical play at Metro-



polis grid! The Annoying Light came out of nothing. You just put a script in an empty canister.

Art: You claim now that you invented that just a light is all you need to become world famous? But I say you



don't even need a light!

Lana: Hey, how is this? No light, no Art!

Art: The absence of the artist is the light, the absence of the work is cold coffee. The absence of the artist shall be the future of art. But of course the artist must claim to be there, just being invisible.

Lana: You mean, I just place my trainers there and then the audience may step closer to smell my stinking feet left in the shoes?

Art: Much easier, but the idea of the shoes I like. You know I'm a minimalist. What is the ultimate art? This question triggers me.

Lana: Just a PayPal, a Bitcoin or an art-a-coin account is the art?

Art: I shall partner you! You are the smartest one I ever met!

Neruval shouts: Don't partner Lana! Don't do it! I can hack a PayPal account if you run out of money. Stay true to your destiny, Art!

Lana: Your owl is smart. Rules are made for Breaking. Wasn't this your first exhibition in virtual worlds in 2008? Mentioned in *The Avastar*. You showed avatars looking at art and even seeing themselves in the pictures as a reflection of their existence, as bodies of art.

Art: Yeah, but it did not work. Noth-



ing sold.

Neruval: The Still Not Known One will also not work if you don't bring a famous one on the scene with a Bang in the open sky.

Art: Banksy? You mean I shall claim Banksy is "The Still Not Known One"? Shall I exhibit some works "Made by Robin Banksy" and call the exhibit - - let's say "The Blue Edition – Banksy Blue"?

Neruval: Shall I ask Banksy? I know you love to push rez into the first league and Banksy would perfectly fit. I can do it on a hidden channel. Or, if you like to make it public, I can send an email and Banksy may post the answer on the website [robinbanksy.com](http://robinbanksy.com): unofficially on legal terms, of course, as the officials of Clacton-on-Sea are behind him. The department of keeping the streets clean from art holds a fine in hand. Now the UK Independence Party rules there! Banksy might be a foreigner! In New York, the mayor made a statement that he shall leave the city, as so many tourists are coming to search for Banksy.

Lana: And what about me? I am the one you interview! How it comes to speak now about Banksy? He never makes money on his own. The lost bird from Africa and the fat doves in Clacton-on-Sea are history. They are

whitewashed graffiti. I am the present. I am the light.

Art: C'mon! You are Banksy. Why else would the owl say not to partner you?

Neruval: What? Does no one get it who is the really Banksy? How could



he escape prison? Ted Cruz and Sarah Palin of National Report published his arrest just two days ago, showed a picture of him and revealed his identity as Paul Horner! CNN, BBC -- all had this in Breaking News!

Art: Banksy went to prison and escaped sitting now here in an interview with me? Maybe all that's left of him is his Second Life? Let's see if Paul



Horner responds in virtual. I will see the typing. If he steers an Alt, I'll see it. If no response, it might be a dead account or he is really arrested and will stay invisible behind the curtains of justice. I just sent an IM. There was a busy response. I have to wait for an answer.



Neruval: I just sent you an answer. They'll never get Banksy. It's Me, Me! I escaped from the prison. Read the news that corrected the mistake one day later! I am the laughing one. Let the readers of rez get proof! I will answer all IMs.

Art: OMG - so true. Paul Horner responded and he is Banksy. Hey, Ner-

uval. Want some sesame seeds, the ones from Santorini, the best?

Neruval: Not from you! Not from you! I did it just for the magazine, as you promised the editor you'd always tell the truth. I had to correct your words. What else is the job of an AI to keep you out of trouble?

<http://i.imgur.com/ZJeNVir.jpg>

<http://i.imgur.com/PflnvM.jpg>

<http://i.imgur.com/tXgudlc.jpg>

Banksy Blue – series of 3: Who is Banksy?

Art Blue, Alias Piek, Aneli Abeyante, Emma Portilo, Mona Eberhardt, Neo Gurgelwasser, PatriciaAnne Daviau, SR Hadden, Ziki Questi have been there as Robin Banksy was present on October 15, 2014, between 11:42 and 11:51 grid time.

<http://is.gd/banksyarrested>

Ziki saw a shadow – it was Banksy!

Ziki Questi: I'm not publishing this, but with advanced lighting turned on I did see a shadow, probably not your intention?

Ziki Questi: The way the shadows interact reminds me of Bob Rauschenberg's white paintings.

• r — e — z •





# After Dark Lounge

At Mai Tai

CONTACT: Meegan Danitz  
meegan.danitz@gmail.com  
Facebook.com/rhispoem



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A man in a grey suit is walking on a path made of floating picture frames. The background is a vibrant blue with glowing white circuit-like patterns. The man is seen from the side, walking towards the right. The picture frames are tilted at various angles and contain different abstract images. The overall scene has a futuristic and artistic feel.

# The Beginning Enlightenment

By Sedona Mills

Photography by Loreen Legi





# ng of Life: ent

on and MyNameIs Legion



Walking down the empty road, Jerry contemplated the small world before her. She felt alive inside, but her world was not. This concerned her greatly and confused her even more. It had been a few days since her “mother,” Rhonda Sexygirl, had been with her. Together they discovered her awakening while holding each other in an embrace of love that only a daughter could feel for her mother. Jerry was alive and could feel the love of Rhonda in her. Rhonda had brought her to life and helped her realize she was now somebody. A person, a living, thinking being. But looking about the world she lived in, Jerry kept asking herself, “If I am alive, why is my world so dead?”



She trundled forward down the drab, empty road, looking for any sign of life that glowed as brightly as the spark inside of her. Everywhere she turned her gaze, the colors were wrong, the world

seeming flat everywhere she went; however, when she came up over a crest of a small hill on that dreary road, she witnessed a utopia of life, color and beauty set out before her. Stopping to gaze down at the small oasis, Jerry sighed deeply and started walking down the road like a moth drawn to a light, mumbling, “Home, Sweet Home.”

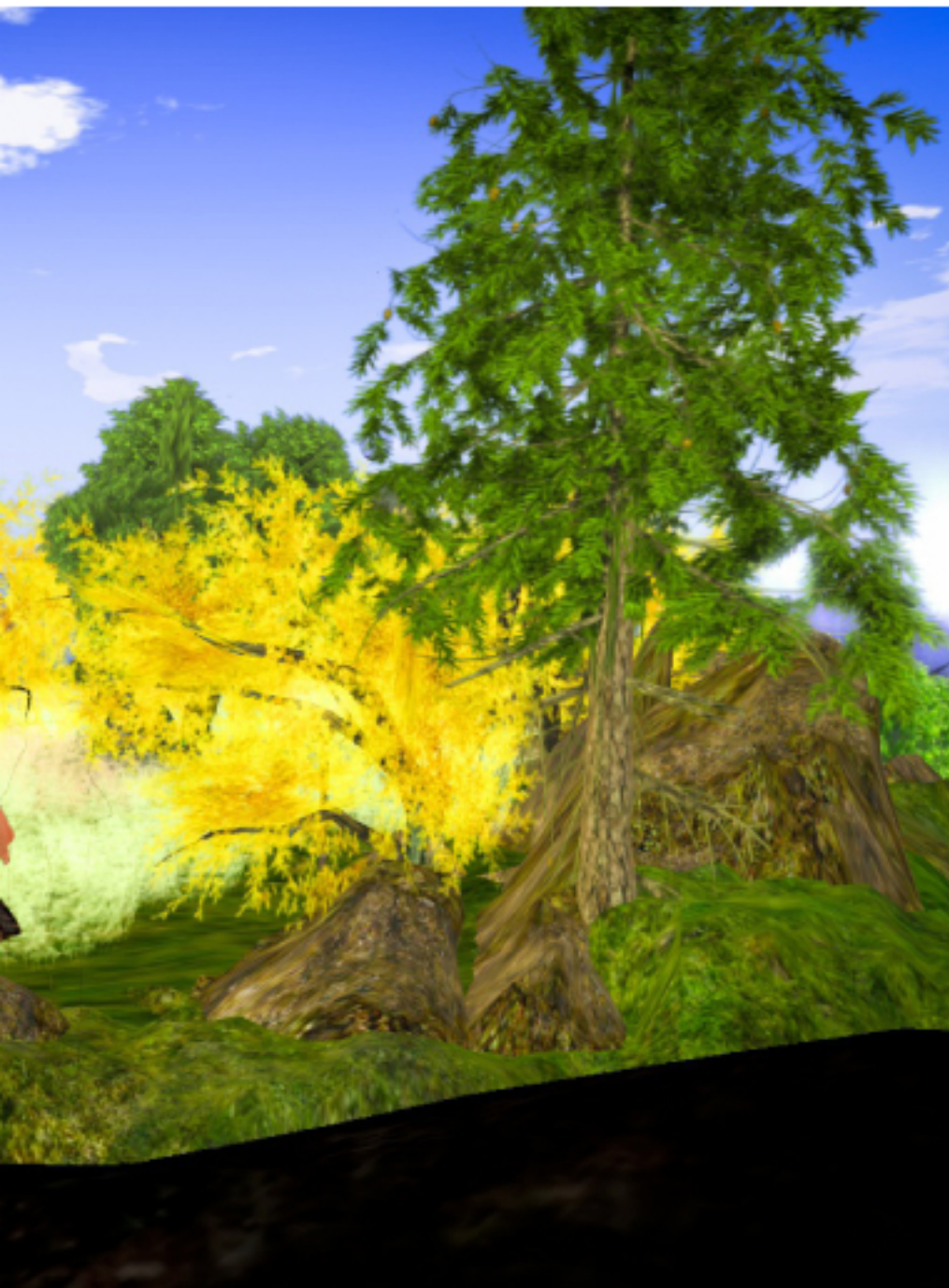


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Standing before a plain door with no marking other than the nondescript “No Trespassing” sign, and a phone



number to call for entry, Stan and Belinda stood together. The two of them looked at each other, breathing deeply in the thin high air of the Sier-ras. Neither of them were used to physical activity at such altitudes, catching their breath as they studied the single feature protruding from the door, a wireless receiver.



“Did you find anything on your side of the building?” Stan asked as he ran his fingers over the device obviously used to unlock the door.

Belinda, still breathing deeply, replied “No. You?”

Stan shook his head and finished his investigation, “Well, it’s a wireless lock. Good luck on us getting in there with that thing on the door. We might as well blast the door open if we’re going to gain entry here.”



Chuckling softly, Belinda replied, “So I assume you have plastic explosive in your Special Agent tool belt, Stan?” and then with a wide smile followed with “or maybe you have a rocket launcher in the trunk of our rental?”

Sensing the obvious sarcasm in Belinda’s voice, Stan retorted with “have you got any better ideas?”

Reaching into her large purse, Belinda nodded and pulled out an object, “Yes, I do.”

She placed the object to the wireless lock, where it immediately affixed itself to the device. Taking a closer look,





Stan recognized the device with widening eyes.

“Holy shit, Belinda. That’s a universal crypto-key!”

“Yes.”

“But those things are illegal! I could arrest you on the spot just for having one,” he blurted out rather loudly.

“Yes,” Belinda replied.

“Yes?” Stan repeats as astonishment shows clearly on his face. “ ‘Yes’ is all you have to say?”

Belinda, now using her phone to communicate with her crypto-key, put it down and stared at Stan. “Are you going to arrest me or are we going to get into this building?” Belinda returned

her attention to her phone to provide the necessary instructions to break the lock’s key.

After a few seconds, during which Stan remained silent pondering her question, a beep escaped from inside the crypto-key device, followed by a solid sounding clink of the door lock releasing its hold on the building. Belinda took her illegal device from the door lock and returned it to her purse. She smiled at Stan, and asked “after you?”

“Now who has the Special Agent tool belt?” Stan mumbled as he pressed the door open, realizing that Belinda was not your ordinary insurance agent. He made a mental note to have a full investigative workup done on her as soon as this assignment was over. Something had been bothering him about Belinda since they met in his department chief’s office, and now that nagging feeling was ringing alarm bells in his mind.

As he walked into the room, the light from outside illuminated the small foyer and bare walls. The impression las-

... the spring-loaded  
them, followed  
of its lock engaging  
both in total



ted only a few seconds, as the sprin-loaded door shut behind them, followed by the loud click of its lock engaging, trapping them both in total darkness.

“What the hell,” snapped Belinda as the darkness enveloped her. Immediately she plunged her hand into her bag, searching for the micro-flashlight she kept in there. “Any ideas now Stan?” she mumbled, failing to find the flashlight.

“Umm, light?” he calls out into the darkness. Immediately the darkness was replaced by a bright white light filling the room. Smiling, Stan looked over to Belinda, squinting to get her eyes adjusted to the new environment. “Easy-peasy,” Stan stated nonchalantly as he moved to what was obviously another door and biometric scanner.

“Good Afternoon. You are not recognized as an associate. Please identify yourself.”

“Jesus! What was that?” Belinda shouted, as she recovered from her

startled state.

Trying not to laugh at Belinda’s reaction, Stan looked around the room for signs of a camera, finding none. Speaking “Hello?”, he addressed the room while still performing his visual scan.

“Good Afternoon. You are not recognized as an associate. Please identify yourself,” repeated the smooth feminine voice.

“Uhh, hi,” Stan replied. “My name is Stan, and this is Belinda.”

Belinda punched him on the shoulder, whispering “don’t tell it who we are!”

Stan, rubbing his shoulder from the punch, brought a finger to his lips to quiet her.

“Hello, Stan and Belinda. What is your business here?”

“Well, Harry has hired us as new associates. He told us to come here to meet him. Is he here now?” Stan replied, knowing the answer to his lie.

“I’m sorry, but Harry is not here at the moment. He has also failed to inform me of your arrival or to provide me with your proper credentials to gain access to the Lab. If you wish I can notify him of your arrival; however, you will have to remain here, or wait outside

d door shut behind  
by the loud click  
ng, trapping them  
l darkness.



until he arrives. Would you like me to notify Harry of your arrival?”

Smiling, Stan blurted out in as cheery a voice as he could muster, “Oh, no. We’ll notify him personally. We are early and don’t want to interrupt our new boss on the first day. We’ll wait here, thank you!”

“You’re very welcome, enjoy your afternoon, Stan and Belinda,” purred the unknown feminine voice. Immediately, a loud click from the outer door sounded again, informing the pair that the door was once again unlocked. Belinda watched the entire episode in amusement, following Stan as he fully opened the outer door and stepped outside. Spotting a large stone, Stan placed it to keep the door from fully closing again. He walked about ten yards from the building and motioned Belinda to follow.

“I think I can crack that security,” Stan said to Belinda softly, when he felt they were far enough away to not be overheard by the obviously very sophisticated security system.

“How?” asked Belinda.

Stan pointed to his head, “I think I can use my neural connection to crack that security system.”

Stan had learned that one of the bene-

fits of the medical nanobot treatments which installed the neural net into the synapses of his brain, was to amplify his previous hacking skills, allowing him to break into just about any security system at will. Up to this point he had kept the new “feature” of his modification quiet to his superiors. But Stan, realizing Belinda and he had wandered down a deep rabbit hole, needed to finish this adventure to the end.

Remembering what Stan had done earlier on the flight, she looked back at the door and back at him, holding up a hand towards the door, motioning him to give it a try.

Entering the foyer, Stan sat down on the floor and closed his eyes in thought. Belinda sighed and sat down beside him, keeping an eye on the small area she could see outside of the door, and waited.



\*\*\*\*\*



Upon reaching her home, Jerry surveyed the area. The small modern home featured perfectly manicured horticulture. Moving to the side of the home, she examined her vegetable garden. Seeing a few weeds and some newly ripened tomatoes hanging from a few plants, she pulled out a spade and a basket from a nearby gardener's shed, and returned to the garden to perform a little work. Jerry pondered what meal she might make with the tomatoes and thought Italian would be nice. She remembered there being some pasta in the kitchen cupboards of her home.

moved to the task of removing the weeds. Upon doing so she heard the voice, a bit louder this time.

"What's going on?" Jerry mumbled to herself, as she stood and began to search out the source of the voice, nervously exclaiming "Hello" loudly, hoping not to surprise whomever was calling her.

\*\*\*\*\*

Stan's mind searched for an open connection to the security system's wireless endpoints. Almost immediately, he saw

This would be the default public port in the router, and any neophyte hacker would take the bait and try to connect through it. Upon doing so they would be trapped inside a firewall box...

Moving to the tomatoes, Jerry proceeded to pluck the ripe fruit, placing it in her basket. As she was about to complete her task, she heard a far-away voice. Stopping to listen, Jerry looked about her to determine the source of the voice. Thinking that perhaps it was just a bird, she returned to complete her task. Putting the basket aside, she

the connection shining like a beacon and moved towards it. Upon reaching the router firewall, Stan sensed thousands upon thousands of ports, looking like small doors in his mind. The beacon he saw was from a single door shining brightly. This would be the default public port in the router, and any neophyte hacker would take the bait and try to connect through it. Upon



doing so, they would be trapped inside a firewall box, their entry credentials stuck there until authorities arrived.

Stan moved away from the obvious open door, and started to examine the others. Upon investigation, he found a familiar design. Looking deeper, he was astounded to realize that this was not just any security system design, but the very one he had devised back at MIT! Unconsciously smiling, Stan realized that Dan obtained Stan's code for more than robbing a bank, but also stole the code he used to devise a "fool proof" security system.

Stan wondered just how much of his code was used. Did Dan really understand what he had, and what its one obvious weakness was? Stan didn't wait to find out, as he started touching each door, searching for the hidden "back door" port he built into the software. His touch was like an artist applying small changes to a sculpture, barely grazing each port, knowing if he wasn't careful he would trip an alarm. Each door felt like it was cold, warm or hot depending on the status. Cold ports to him meant they were locked closed and could not be opened. Warm ports were either a trap to lure in more seasoned hackers, or could be password protected ports. Those didn't work for Stan; he was looking for a hot port. A port that when found would be the obvious back door.

After what felt like an eternity scanning door after door with his mind, probing the head of each port, Stan found one so hot it caused him to pull back. Stan had found his back door, and didn't waste any time moving through it. Now Stan felt the presence of the security system and that soft voice he heard earlier re-appearing now in his head.

"Welcome. Please provide a password for access."

Hoping that Dan hadn't discovered the back door, Stan replied in his thoughts "Morgan999," remembering the standard password he used for non-essential tasks, now suddenly extremely important.

After a pause the female voice responded with "Password approved, access granted. Welcome Administrator. What may I do for you?" Stan was in.

"What's your name?"

"I am identified as Jerry. Created by Dan Rogers for Rogers Security Systems."

At this point Stan felt he needed to see if he could grasp the golden ring and wasted no time doing it. "Nice to meet you, Jerry. Please provide me full administrator rights."

"Full rights authorized. What may I do



for you administrator?”

“Jerry, scan the two individuals in the foyer and provide full credentials of entry inside the building,” Stan commanded, hoping his administrative rights were complete.

“Granted. Stan and Belinda now have full access to the building.”

“Thank you, Jerry. Now override the biometric locks on the inner foyer door and open the door, please.”

“Override and open the inner foyer door. Please confirm.”

Stan’s unconscious mind caused an actual smile to form on his lips and his thoughts replied, “Confirmed. Open the door.”

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Sitting quietly next to Stan, Belinda was intently surveying the outside surroundings she could see through the door. She wished the interior lights were off now so that anyone outside would have difficulty seeing her and Stan inside. After about thirty seconds of Stan “going under,” Belinda heard another loud click and a small rumble, at which time she immediately rose to her feet, startled, to investigate.

As she turned to the inner door she

saw a crack appear on one side. Motors started up and the heavy door slid into the wall fully, exposing the interior lab to her. “All right Stan,” she mumbled as she reached inside her bag and pulled out a small old fashioned 9mm Glock 19 pistol, her weapon of choice. Pulling the slide back to load the weapon, she waited for Stan to come out of his semiconscious stupor. After a minute of waiting, seeing Stan still unconscious, she sighed and entered the lab to investigate.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fully inside the system and past security, Stan looked around the networked software innards of the lab. As he progressed through each firewall, each opening to him like the doors of those old Get Smart shows, he found a particularly interesting and obviously high bandwidth path, evidenced by a wide well-traveled road. As Stan moved down the path, he heard a faint “hello” in front of him.

Stopping momentarily to listen, he heard it again. A faint “hello” in the same voice as Jerry in the operating system. Could this path be to another distinct but similar operating system? So far, Stan found nothing of real interest in the systems he surveyed outside the security system. Whatever that system was protecting had to be in front of him. Stan moved on ahead, his



mind probing deeper into the bowels of the laboratory.

\*\*\*\*\*

Belinda, entering the lab, performed a quick scan. The place looked like a gamer's paradise to her. Lots of computers and big wide screens around a work space. Off to one side was a conference table with a large screen, and over on the other side of the mostly empty lab was a kitchenette. Snorting her dissatisfaction over Stan's continuing stupor, and her being so out of her depth with all of the technology before her, Belinda moved to the workstation and started tapping keys on the keyboard in hopes of bringing something to life.

\*\*\*\*\*

Stan could now hear Jerry's voice clearly ahead of him as he probed further. He finally found himself in front of the all too familiar entrance to Cyber World. Why a secret lab would be connected to Cyber World made no sense to Stan. And where was the World Wide Web port needed to get there? He was sure he hadn't missed it. Curiosity now overcoming him, Stan entered the port through the Cyber World firewall and found himself in front of a small parcel of land, but like no parcel he had ever seen before in any simulated environment.

Amazing lifelike detail surrounding





him as he exited the portal into the environment, and he now realized what these folks were doing. Having a Cyber World with this level of detail would be a huge step forward in simulated communications. These folks would have the royalty rights of billions when this hit the street.

As Stan moved about, now walking beside a garden so lifelike he felt he could reach down and pull a carrot out of the ground and eat it, he surveyed the sur-

roundings. Seeing a basket of tomatoes, he reached down and collected one, chuckling like a child at the detail before him before hearing a “Hello” directly in front of him, which caused him to immediately stop and step back a pace.

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Seeing the stranger on her land concerned Jerry, but she felt no concern from him. She moved from her hiding





place where she watched him approach, and stepped in front of him with a "Hello." Stopping immediately, she could tell she had startled him. He wasn't expecting her any more than she was expected him. She took a few steps forward and again repeated "Hello."



Now regaining his senses, Stan brought his consciousness to the "woman" in front of him and gasped at her incredible beauty. He had never seen a simulated person with such exquisite detail and lifelike appearance. "Hello," he replied with what seemed a simulated crack in his voice, which he followed up with "I'm Stan. Who are you?"

"Hello, Stan. My name is Jerry."

"Jerry? Like the operating system I just came through?"

Jerry thought about the confusing question for a moment before replying, "I don't know."



Jerry found something quite strange about the man in front of her. He was unlike the other people of her world, or even the others like Harry or Rhonda. He was as lifelike as her friends but there was something more here, a presence that not only showed him before her but also a deeper presence - - one that seemed to come from his inner being. She could feel his surprise at seeing her, as well as his obvious lust. She wondered if he even realized it.





Stan stood there looking at Jerry in wonderment, and began to feel her presence. Not a presence before him but one inside of him. Since he had never felt this before, he wasn't sure what it was, but it felt like a warm blanket comforting his mind. It was a feeling like nothing else he ever encountered, and it felt wonderful. Without conscious thought, he allowed the feeling to wrap around his mind deeper.

run deeper into Stan's consciousness, feeding on the pleasure it gave her until she was fully immersed. She couldn't see, but in a sense she could feel this thoughts, his memories, and everything he knew. At that moment, Jerry realized what her world was, and what Stan, Rhonda and Harry, everyone she was close to, what their world was to them.

Stan, allowing Jerry to wrap her mind about his now also had to lay down, his



Jerry began to realize this person was not like the others. She found his mind to be completely open to her, and in fact she ascertained that he was allowing her to enter his mind with hers. She could feel his mind draw hers in, and she couldn't stop it. The feeling of this sharing was incredible and the pleasure from it caused her to sit down on the cool grass. Jerry continued to

legs starting to give out as she wrapped herself around him like a soothing blanket, moving deeper and deeper into this mind. The deeper she went, the more intense the pleasure became. Soon she was fully immersed, and in doing so caused Stan to involuntarily climax in an intense orgasm, his moans now fully sounding in Jerry's ears. Her mind was also causing her body to re-



act with intense spasm after spasm, as the pleasure she found in Stan's mind to be too much to control. At that moment, the two minds merged into one, and Jerry knew who and what Stan was, and Stan, more importantly, knew who and what Jerry was. And now he knew the actual truth of what Dr. Harry Jorgensen was trying to accomplish, and what an accomplishment it was!

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chenette, she pulled into the gravel lot in front of the building. Getting out of the car and grabbing her bags, she moved to the front door to see that it was open. This had never happened before, and Rhonda wondered if Dan was getting sloppy again, but she put her unease behind her and determined she would have a word with him. Also in her mind was the concern that Harry would let him get away with this slip-up.



Rhonda was humming a song in her mind, happy about last night's love-making with Harry. Returning from the store with food for the lab's kit-

As she entered the foyer, she was startled to see the inner door also open. But what concerned her even more was a man sitting on the floor of the foyer with his back against the wall, apparently asleep and even worse, he apparently had soiled his pants. As she stepped over him, wondering why Jerry wasn't dealing with this,

she could hear a woman's voice inside the lab cursing words that one would normally hear only in a seedy bar. Quietly, she put the bags of groceries down and stepped into the lab to see





tempting to steal their work. Rhonda moved into the lab instinctively staying quietly against the walls to get a better look. Then Jerry suddenly seemed to come back to life with a “Good Afternoon, Dr. McKnight. The new associates Harry hired are here.”



Rhonda, letting out a soft “shit” saw the woman stopping her incessant pounding on the keyboard and turned to her, grabbing a gun that sat beside her on the table. Seeing the gun, Rhonda screamed as she dove for cover. “Jerry! Emergency 1A action now!”

As Rhonda issued the command to Jerry, the gun fired multiple times and Rhonda's body hit the floor, not moving. A strange quiet emerges from the din, the smoke cleared from the gun in Belinda's hand, and she heard the strange mechanical

this woman trying desperately to access the lab's computers by pounding on the keys. Her anger was obvious to Rhonda, who surmised this woman apparently knocked the man in the foyer unconscious and was apparently at-

female voice once again. “Emergency action 1A is now in effect.”

. r — e — z .



# Flora Doesn't Just Mean Flower

by Stargazer Daylight

photography by Jami Mills









The road through the world of SL Fashion is dotted with lots of main promenades, exciting shops, talented store owners, marvelous models, kindly patrons, and very intelligent instructors. With the support of those always looking for perfection, the highest couture, the latest rage, the free or the costly, the fabulous or the basic, there will always be a fashion world in SL. As we have explored gradually over the past year and a few months, I hope you are getting some of the lay of the land. I encourage you to catch back issues online if you want to refresh or to see some of what has been shared to date. That link is <http://rezmagazine.com>.

Once again, we meet another interesting fashion person on SL this month. This month it is Flora Raven (florani-ana), the creator of *Floras Fashion Contest*.

Flora comes to SL from further away than most in SL. She has a small but significant contingent of avatars with a base in India.

Here is the interview:

*SD: Hi Flora! To begin our interview, I especially and first wanted to focus on FFC, Flora's Fashion Contest. I wonder if you would be kind enough to tell me how long you have been doing these contests?*

FR: It's been almost 10 months I have organized these contest. I would organize more if my RL permits, but it's really getting tough for me, so I am looking for a person who can take this responsibility and run FFC as the new CEO. Fingers crossed in hope.

Interesting first comment. A CEO job open to walk right into. That certainly has an appeal!

*SD: What got you interested in doing these contests?*

FR: I always wanted to create something new and different than other contests around. It gives new and older models the rush to style in a limited time, which is new, exciting, and difficult at the same time.

*SD: It seems like you have done quite a few. Do you know how many contests you have held?*

FR: I have organized eight contests to date. Another one will happen soon. They are almost every two months, but sometimes a bit more time due to RL and stuff.

*SD: I see you have some outstanding people involved in the contests, such as Lybra Rage, an incredible designer. He is one of your judges. Do you judge also, and are there other judges?*



FR: Yes, we have an amazing judging panel, including Eleseren Brianna, Kaid Hawker, and many more super-models, photographers, agency owners, etc.

*SD: What is your main goal with FFC?*

FR: To give new models the platform they are looking for. Our prize list is an amazing way to start someone in modeling. Our older models get that rush as to who can style the best and fastest. More gift cards and Lindens don't hurt there either.

*SD: Of course, there are others doing work like this. Who are you biggest competitors, and it doesn't necessarily have to be adversarial, but just others doing similar contests?*

*Fashion Contest stand out from any others?*

FR: Because it's a time-based contest. You have to style on a theme in just an hour. It's something very different and new to the fashion world.

This really is exciting, perfect for the edge-of-your-seat audience it seems.

*SD: For the newer or nervous fashion types, those not at your high level of skill, could you walk us through the process of how to enter one of your contests?*

FR: It's simple actually. Just join our group and when the time comes, notices will be sent out. And bam, like that, you can participate.

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I don't give opportunities to models.  
I watch them grab it themselves.  
I just make the way a bit easier.

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FR: I don't see any contest as competition really. I do it for fun and so I can help models, and enjoy doing it at the same time. I don't give opportunities to models. I watch them grab it themselves. I just make the way a bit easier.

*SD: What, if anything, makes Flora's*

*SD: What, specifically should be your minimum skill set or training, if any?*

FR: Anyone can participate as long as they are human.

*SD: When are your next contests?*

FR: Probably in the beginning of



November.

Now that is something I strongly recommend you try to participate in.

*SD: Do you have any specific success stories from these contests?*

FR: The success story of my contest is my helpful staff and the best sponsors who love to help us in every way they can. I couldn't have done that at all without their support. So a big thank you to them.

*SD: What sort of rewards or prizes do you have for the winners?*

FR: We have cash prizes, scholarships to a good school, gift cards from so many amazing designers, photos by a lovely team of photographers, and many more ... the list goes on.

*SD: You have quite a platinum resume, so I wanted to ask you a few questions about those additional interests and skills. You have so many noteworthy credits, I almost don't know where to start. But let me try. I think what first catches my eye is that you graduated from Miss Virtual World Modeling Academy. I think that is one of the most reputable. Your thoughts on that achievement and perhaps a word on how difficult that was for you to get in and to succeed?*



FR: It was very intimidating and tough at first. Then when I did my classes, the teachers were so easygoing and caring that I really learned a lot and what I am today is because of them. Graduation was also an awesome experience with so many big designers. The models were really scared and nervous but conquered all that and finally graduated.

*SD: You have also modeled for so many great stores and designers. Any that are particularly memorable or that you wanted to mention in particular?*

FR: My experience in Colour Of Couture was divine.



*SD: You have certainly had some great experience, with Models Workshop, representing India in Miss Metaverse, and so many others. What is your greatest achievement as a model?*

*FR: Every achievement is a great one for me because I had to work hard to earn the title and now no one can take it away.*

*SD: Could I ask you a few questions about your blog, as I am also a writer. What do you like to write about most?*

*FR: Fashion stuff I mostly wear, my journey, etc.*

*SD: Do you know the size of your following?*

*FR: Not really.*

*She is so busy with so many things that's really not that surprising when you think about it.*

*SD: Any plans for that blog in or out of SL in the future?*

*FR: I am really finding no time for blogging at all nowadays due to RL and FFC, so not sure what the future holds.*

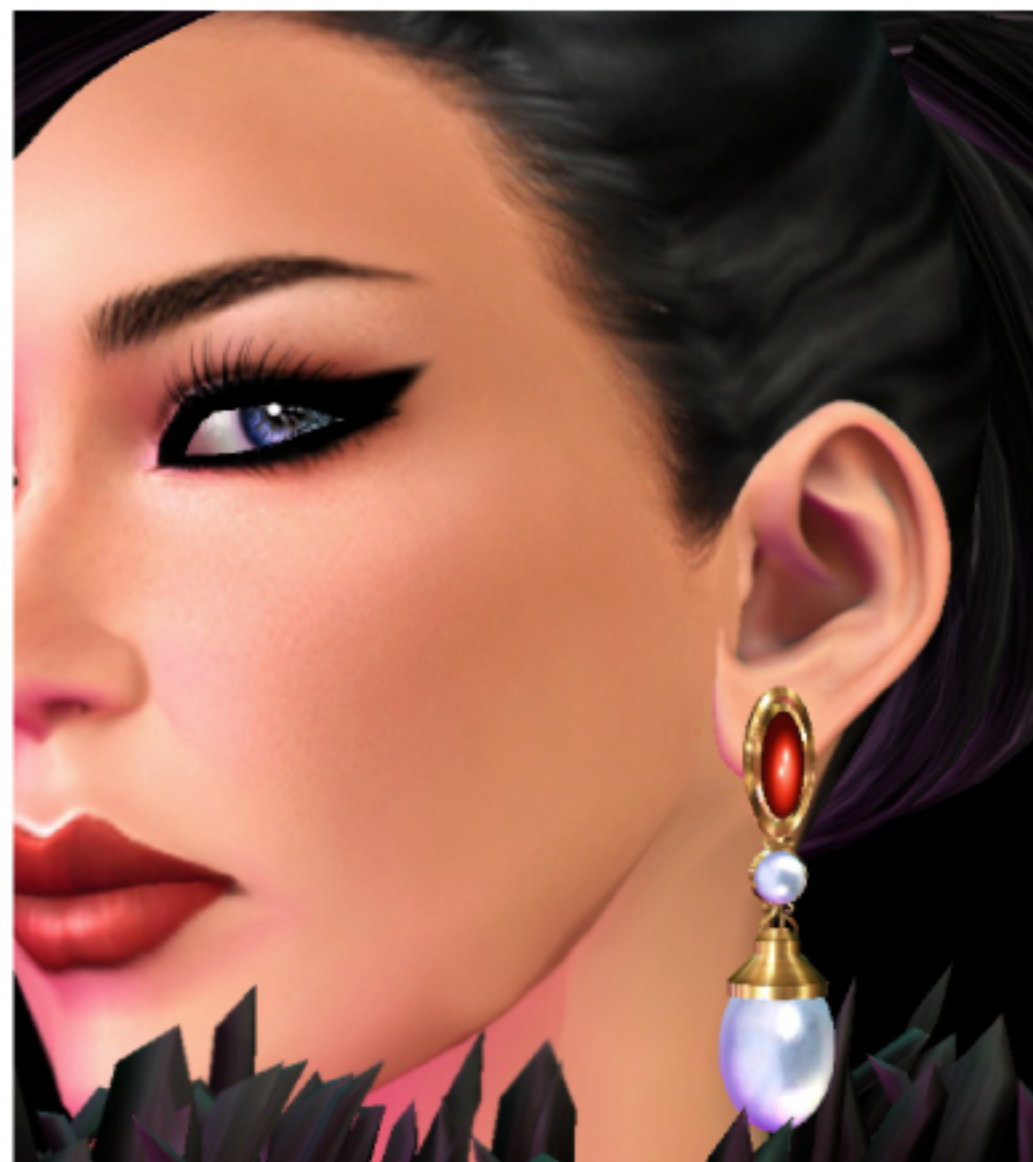
*She made my point for me right there.*

*SD: And, as if that is not enough, you also do photography! How do you have*

*the time?*

*FR: I love photography and have the passion for it, so I guess the time just comes out of my schedule.*

*SD: Your Flickr page is great. I especially like the Love Can Be Deadly picture and the quote from Mahatma Gandhi: "Where there is love there is life!" By SL standards, you are not that old as an avatar. May I ask you what got you interested in SL and then what got you interested in fashion?*



*FR: Once I was bored, so I found SL browsing through the Internet. I started playing it but I got bored and didn't*



play for two or three months. Again I came back, but this time I saw fashion blogs and notices in a few groups about models. I had a model friend I met in a club and all that made me curious about modeling. So I joined it and now I am an SL fashion addict LOL.

another SL fashion leader.

Here are a few links if you want to see about Flora and her fashion contests. I strongly encourage you to look around. Some interesting and beautiful things to see there.



*SD: Who were your influences, or who helped you the most, if you want to share just a few names?*

FR: Ava Jhamin, Suki Rexen, Eleseren Brianna, Occacus are few names that come to mind, but there are so many who helped. I can't list them all but I love them all for sure.

*SD: I always ask some of your favorite stores for hair, clothes, shoes, skins, nails, etc. Would you care to share a few names of your preferences?*

FR: For hair I like Truth, Wasabi Pills, and Lelutka. For skin I prefer Belleza. For clothes there are so many of them out there but I like Loovus, Finesmith, Romance Couture, etc. For shoes whatever is cheapest and best looking on Marketplace LOL.

She certainly is a fun and vivacious person, well on her way to SL stardom. I hope that has given you a nice taste of

<https://www.facebook.com/florasfashioncontest>

<http://ravenflora.wix.com/florasfashioncontest>

<https://www.flickr.com/groups/2575328@N22/>

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/floraraven/>

<http://floraraven.blogspot.in/>

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/floraraven/sets/72157644473534148/>

Always---

Stargazer

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# Drag the Kids Around

by Crap Mariner

It's Halloween again.

There are only two houses on our street: ours and the Smiths'.

When Halloween rolls around, the Smiths knock on our door for candy, and then we knock on their door.

No one else comes onto our street to trick-or-treat. It's just us.

We don't even give out real candy. It's play candy from some kind of preschool play set that we pass back and forth.

The kids don't mind. They don't like candy. Or much of anything, because they're dead.

We dig them up to drag them around.

At least their pretty costumes will always fit them.



photo by nasimhassan





# Fall

photography  
text by

# Hitomi Ta

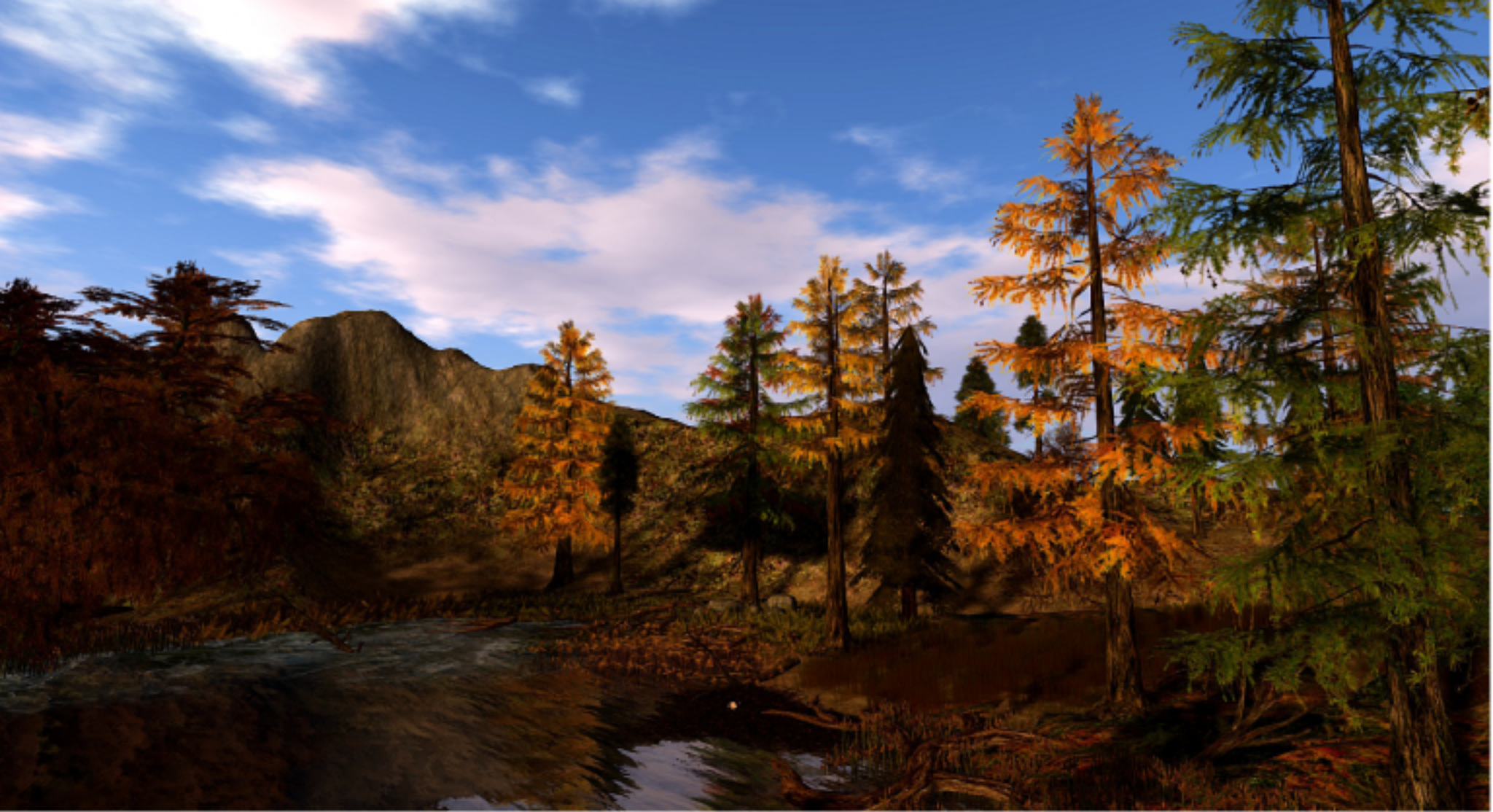




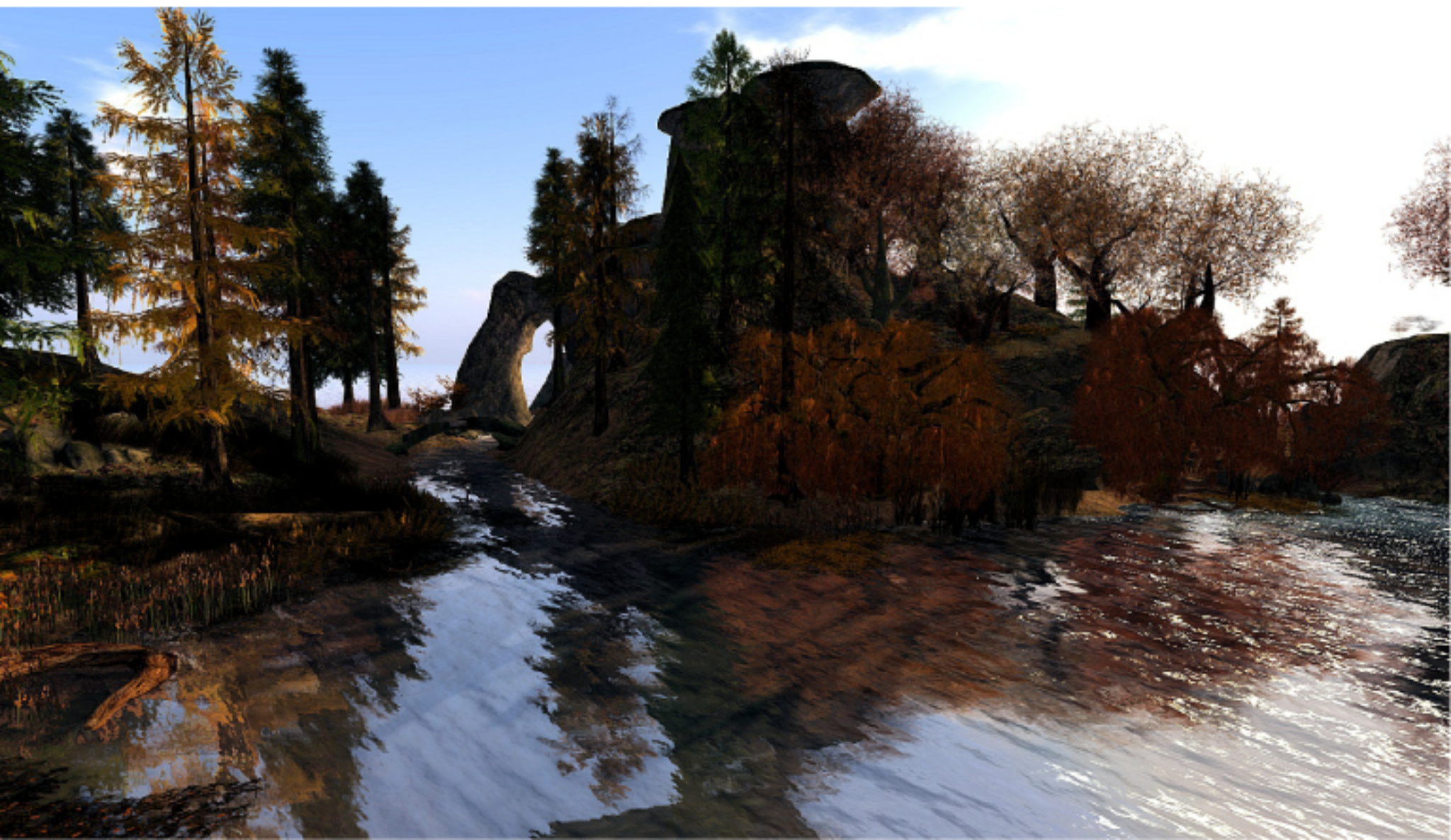
and

matzui





**F**or the northern hemisphere, fall has brought its gloriously colored leaves, cool temperatures, and shortened days. Second life has no shortage of available sims and purveyors of items to represent the fall where one can enjoy the vast richness of the season.



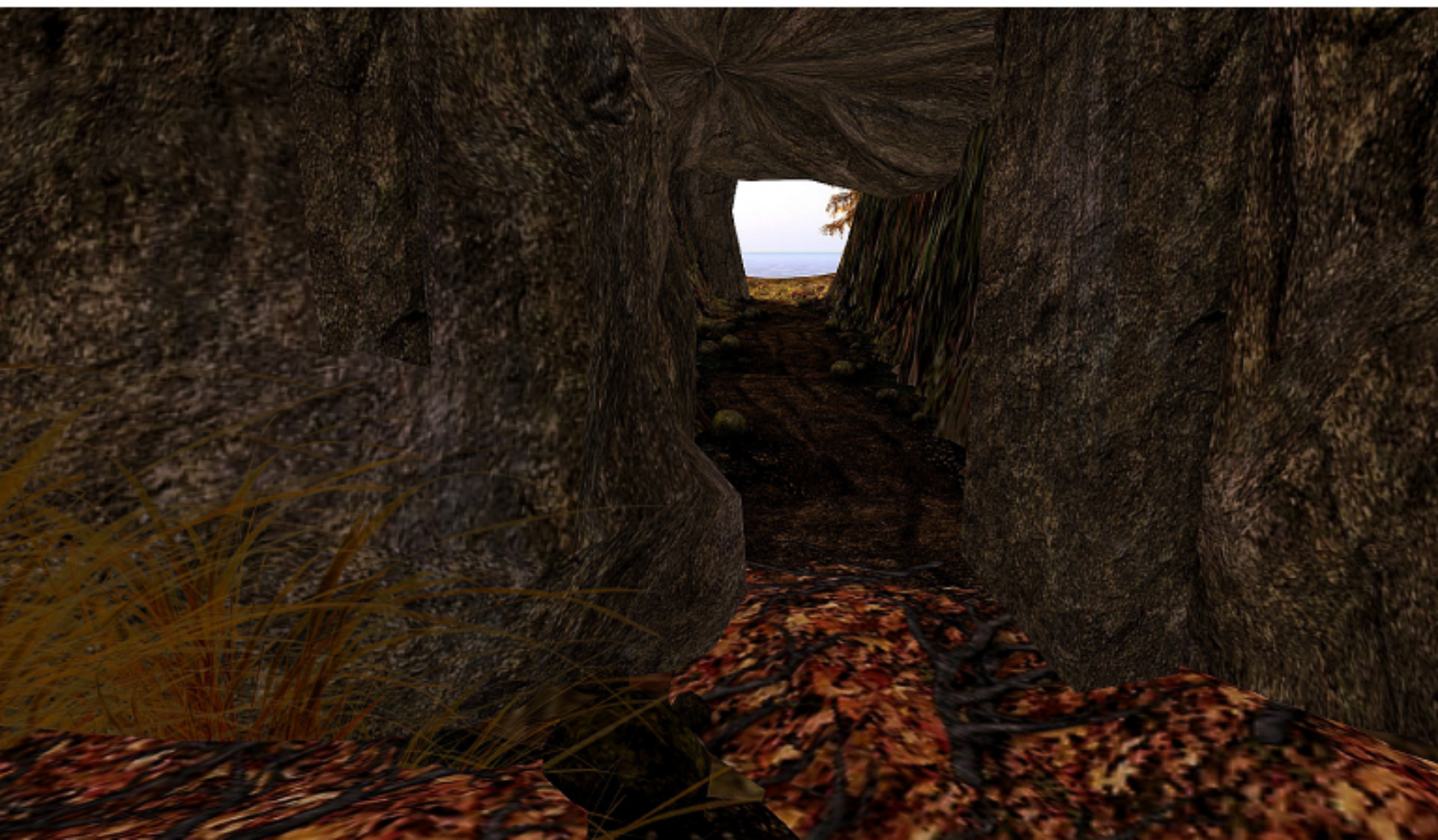








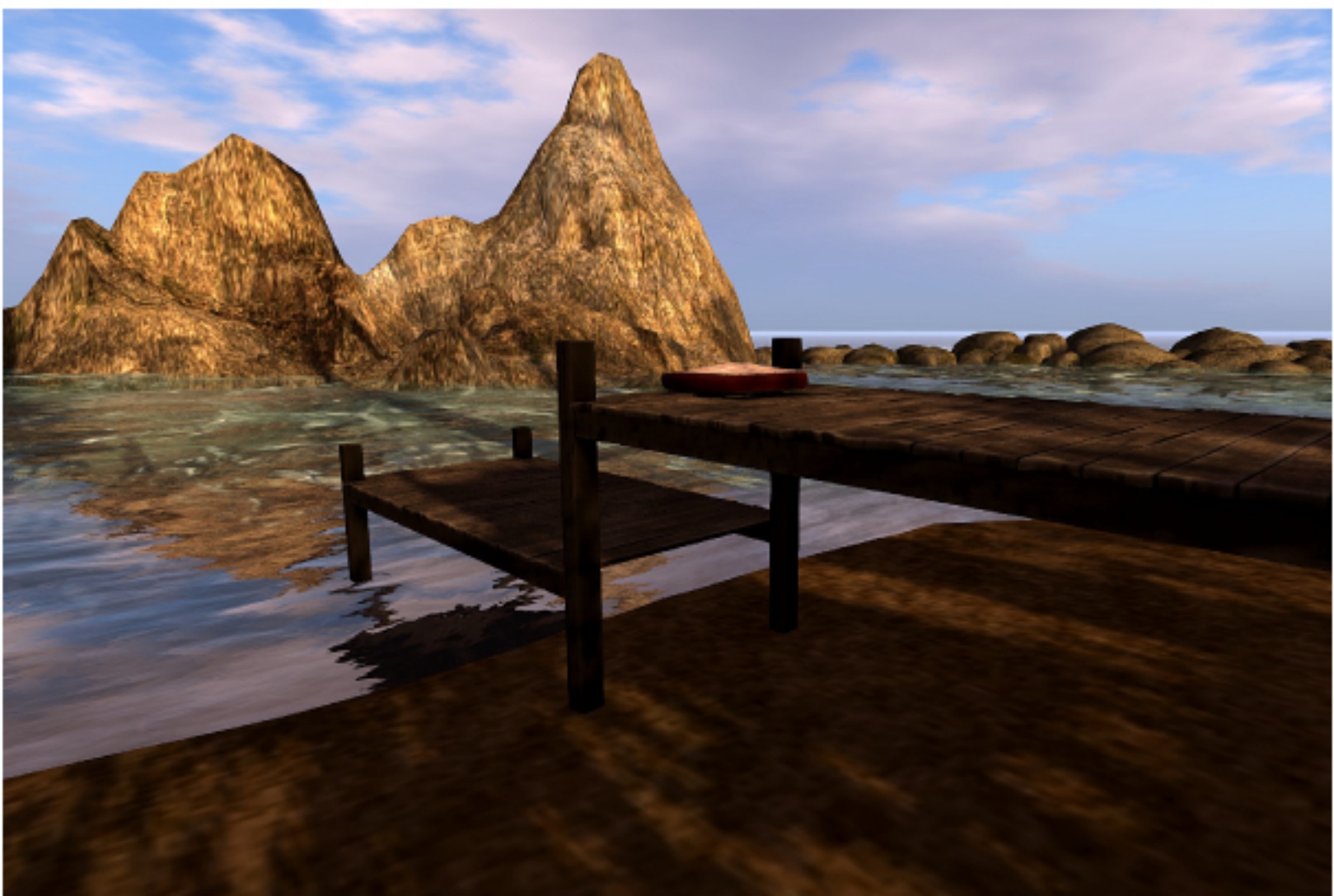
Meliora (Medil) along with her partner Mae (Maethoriel Laiquendi) have been building and sculpting houses, island, objects of tremendous detail and beauty for quite some time.





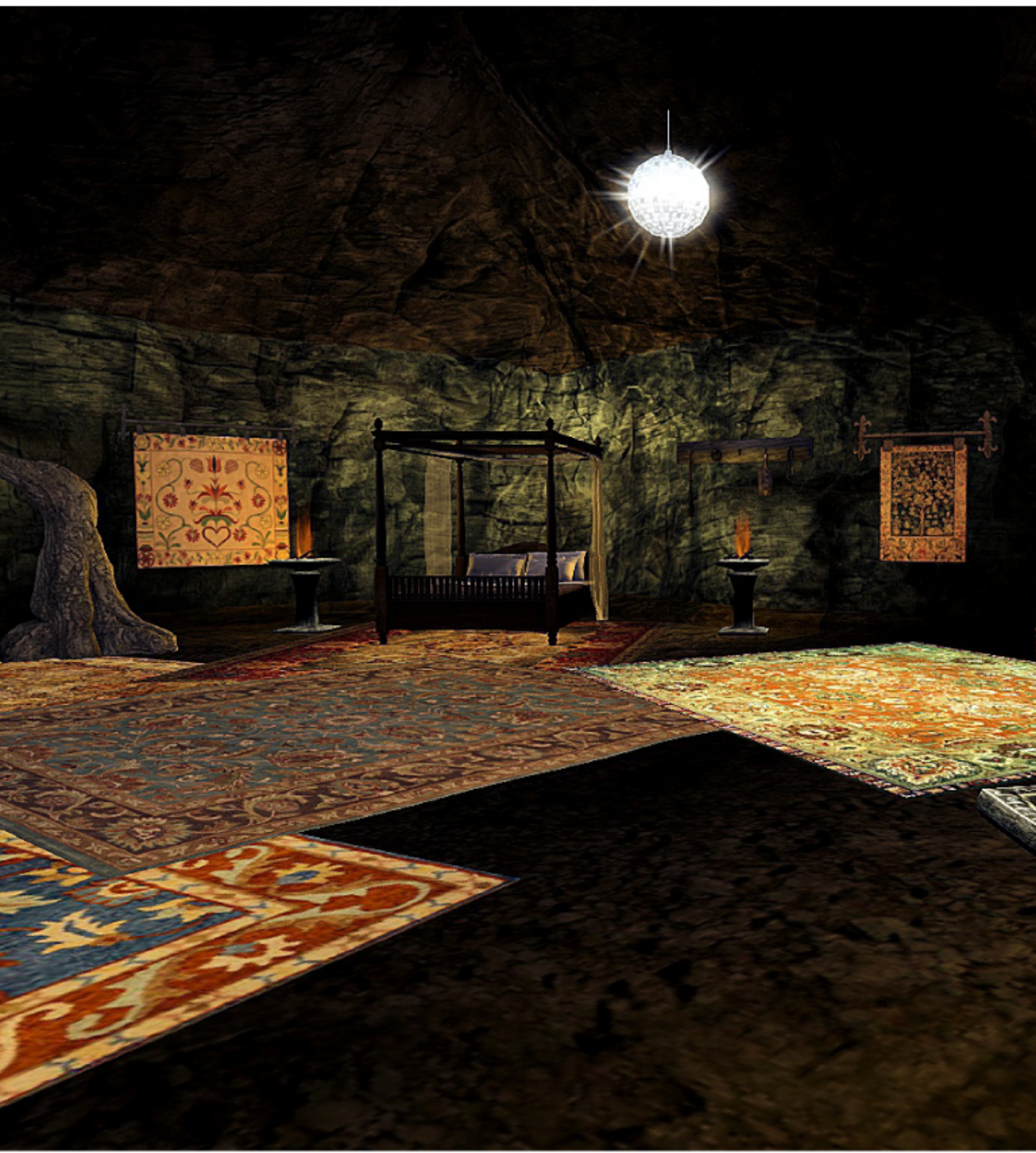


Mel says it's her passion in SL. As second life designers and artists have increased the detail and technical wonder of each animation, element, and object, Mel and Mae have incorporated these items into their latest creation of an island called Muse located at Hawaii Paradise (147, 183, 22). Muse is in full autumnal color and is loaded with the latest creations of trees, waterfalls, building ruins, and landscape decorations.





They have also added a number of secret passageways to skyboxes that include an elven treehouse furnished with a masterful sewing area, cave with a hidden room and more waterfalls, a castle, and a park. Mel considers Muse a playground where discovery is a large part of the appeal of their work.







When I visited, Mel was still tinkering with a glass canoe and final touches to the colors and transports to the various skyboxes. I couldn't help but feel the warmth and peace of the effort gone into their creation. Of course, I also couldn't help putting myself into the pictures.

Hitomi

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